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VOLUME XIX. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 5, 1885. NUMBER 19.

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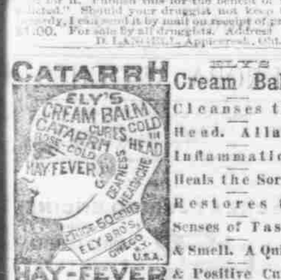

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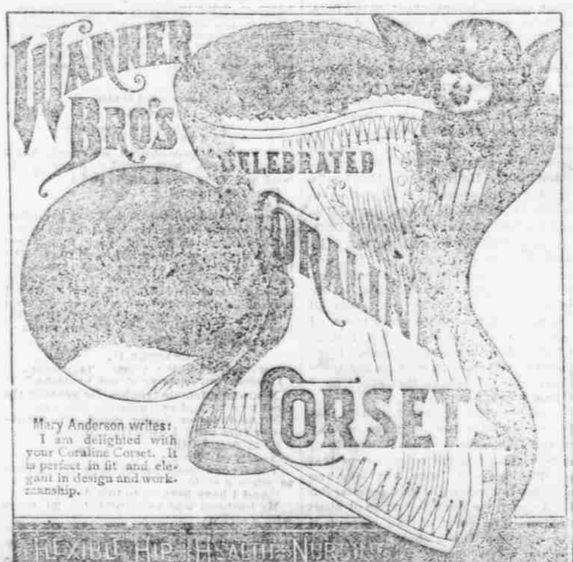

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PETHERICK'S PERIL.

BY E. W. THOMPSON.

Each story of the Shelton Cotton Factory is fifteen feet between floors; there are seven such over the basement, and this rises six feet above the ground. The brick walls narrow to eight inches as they ascend, and form a parapet rising above the roof. One of the time keepers in the factory, Jack Hardy, a young man about my own age, often runs along the brick work, the practice giving him a singular delight that has seemed to increase with his proficiency in it. Having been a clerk in the works from the beginning, I have frequently used the parapet for a foot-path, and although there was a sheer fall of one hundred feet to the ground, have done it with ease and without dizziness.—Occasionally Hardy and I have run races, on the opposite walls, an exercise in which I was invariably beaten, because I became timid with increase of pace.

Hopelessly distanced last Wednesday, while the men were off at noon, I gave up midway, and looking down, observed the upturned face of an old man, gazing at me with parted lips, wide eyes, and an expression of horror so startling that I involuntarily stepped down to the bricklayers' platform inside. I then saw that the apparently frightened spectator was Mr. Petherick, who had been for some weeks paymaster and factotum for the contractors.

'What's the matter, Petherick?' I called down. He made no answer, but walking off rapidly disappeared around the mill. Curious about his demeanor, I descended, and after some little seeking, found him smoking alone.

"You quite frightened me just now, Petherick,' said I. 'Did you think I was a ghost?'

'Not just that,' he replied, sententiously.

'Did you expect me to fall, then?' I inquired.

"Not just that, either,' said he. The old man was clearly disinclined to talk, and apparently much agitated. I began to joke him about his lugubrious expression, when the 1 o'clock bell rang, and he shuffled off hastily to another quarter.

Though I puzzled awhile over the incident it soon passed so entirely from my mind that I was surprised when, passing Petherick in the afternoon, intending to go aloft, he said, as I went by—

'Don't do it again, Mr. Frazer!'

'What?' I stopped.

'That!' he retorted.

'Oh! You mean running on the wall, said I.

'I mean going on it at all!' he exclaimed. His earnestness was so marked that I conceived a strong interest in its cause.

'I'll make a bargain with you, Mr. Petherick. If you tell me why you advise me, I'll give the thing up!'

'Done!' said he. 'Come to my cottage this evening, and I'll tell you a strange adventure of my own, though perhaps you'll only laugh that it's the reason why it sickens me to see you fooling up there.'

Petherick was ready to talk when Jack and I sat down in his doorstep that evening, and immediately launched into the following narrative:

'I was born and grew to manhood near the high cliffs of the coast of Cornwall. Millions of sea fowls make their nests along the face of those wave-worn precipices. My companions and I used to get much excitement, and sometimes a good deal of pocket money by taking their eggs. One of us placing his feet in a loop at the end of a rope and taking a good grip with his hands, would be lowered by the others to the nest.

'When he had his basket full, they'd haul him up, and another would go down. Well, one afternoon, I thus went dangling off—They paid about a hundred feet of rope before I touched the ledge and let go.'

'What ledge?' asked Jack.

'Oh!' said Petherick, after a pause. 'I see it will be troublesome to make you understand the situation.' Then, after reflecting for some moments—

'You must know that most of the cliffs along that coast overhang the sea. At many points one could drop six hundred feet into the sea, and then be forty or fifty feet from the base of the rock he left. The coast is scooped under by the waves. But in some places the cliff wall is as though it had been eaten away by seas running in on higher levels. There will be an overhanging coping, then, some hundred feet down, a ledge sticking out further than that of the top; under the ledge all will be scooped away.—In places there are three or four such ledges, each projecting further than those above.—These ledges used to fall away occasionally, as they do yet, I am told, for the ocean is gradually devouring the coast. Where they did not project further than the upper coping, one would swing like a pendulum on the rope, and get on the rock, if not too far in, then put a rock on the loop to hold it till his return. When a ledge did project so that one could drop straight on it, he hauled down some slack and left the rope hanging.'

'Did the wind ever blow it off?' asked Jack.

'Seldom, and never out of reach,' said the old man. 'Well, the ledge I reached, was like this,' illustrating with his hands. 'It was some ten feet wide; it stuck out maybe six feet further than the cliff top; the rock wall went up pretty near perpendicular, till near the coping at the ground, but below the ledge the cliff's face was so scooped away that the sea, five hundred feet below, ran in under it nigh fifty feet.

'As I went down, thousands of birds rose from the jagged places of the precipice, circling around me with harsh screams. Soon touching the ledge, I stepped from the loop, and drawing down a little slack, walked off briskly. For fully quarter of a mile the ledge ran along the cliff's face almost as level and even in width at that sidewalk. I remember fancying that it sloped outward more than usual, but instantly dismissed the notion, though Gaffer Pentreath, the oldest man in that countryside, used to tell us that we should not get the use of that ledge always. It had been as steady in our time as in his grandfather's, and we only laughed at his prophecies. Yet the place of an old filled fissure was marked by a line of grass, by tufts of weeds and small bushes, stretching almost as far as the ledge itself, and within a foot or so of the cliff's face.

"Eggs were not so many as usual, and I went a long piece from my rope before turning back. Then I noticed the very strange conduct of the hosts of sea fowls below.—Usually hundreds, but now there were millions on the wing, and instead of darting forth in playful motions, they seemed to be wildly excited, screaming shrilly, rushing out in terror, and returning in masses as though to alight, only to wheel in dread, and keep the air in vast clouds.

'The weather was beautiful, the sea like glass. At no great distance two large brigs, and nearer a small yacht, lay becalmed, heaving on the long billows. I could look down her cabin stairway almost, and it seemed scarcely more than a long leap to her deck.

'Puzzled by the singular conduct of the sea birds, I soon stopped and set my back against the cliff to rest while watching them. The day was deadly still and very warm.

'I remember taking off my cap and wiping the sweat from my face and forehead with my sleeve. While doing this, I looked down involuntarily to the fissure at my feet. Instantly my blood almost froze with horror! There was a distinct crack between the inner edge of the fissure and the hard packed root threaded soil with which it was filled! Forcibly I pressed back, and in a flash looked along the ledge. The fissure was widening under my eyes, the rock before me seemed sinking outward, and with a shudder and a groan and roar, the whole long platform fell crashing to the sea below! I stood on a margin of rock scarce a foot wide, at my back a perpendicular cliff, five hundred feet below the ocean, now almost hidden by the vast concourse of wheeling and affrighted birds.

'Can you believe that my first sensation was one of relief? I stood safe! Even a feeling of interest held me for some moments. Almost coolly I observed a long and mighty wave roll out from beneath. It went forth with a high, curling crest—a solid wall of water! It struck the yacht stern on, plunged down on her deck, smashed through her swell of sail, and swept her out of sight forever.

'Not till then did my thoughts dwell entirely on my own position; not till then did I comprehend its hopelessness! Now my eyes closed convulsively, to shut out the abyss down which my glance had fallen; shuddering, I pressed hard against the solid wall at my back; an appalling cloud slowly crept through me! My reason struggled against a wild desire to leap; all the demons of despair whispered to me to make an instant end. In imagination I had leaped! I felt the swooning helplessness of falling, and the cold, upward rush of air!

'Still I pressed hard back against the wall of rock, and though nearly faint from terror, never forgot for an instant the death at my feet, nor the utter danger of the slightest motion. How long this weakness lasted I know not; I only know that the unspeakable horror of that first period has come to me in waking dreams many and many a day since; that to think of the past is to stand again on that narrow foothold, and to look around on the earth is often to cry out with joy that it widens away from my feet!'

The old man paused long. Glancing sidewise at Jack I saw that his face was pallid. I myself had shuddered and grown cold—so strongly had my imagination realized the awful experience that Petherick described.

'Suddenly,' said the old man, "these words flashed to my brain: 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. Fear not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows.' My faculties so strained, I seemed to hear the words. Indeed, often yet I think that I did truly hear a voice utter them very near me.

'Instantly hope arose, consciously desperate indeed, but I became calm, resourceful, capable, and feeling unaccountably aided. Careful not to look down, I opened my eyes and gazed far away over the bright sea. The rippled billows told that a light outward breeze had sprung up. Slowly, and somewhat more distant, the two brigs moved toward the horizon. Turning my head, I could trace the narrow stone of my footing to where my rope dangled, perhaps three hundred yards distant.

'It seemed to hang within easy reach of the cliff's face, and instantly I resolved and as instantly proceeded to work toward it.—No time remained for hesitation. Night was coming on. I reasoned that my comrades thought me killed. They had probably gone to view the condition of the precipice from the lower station, and on their return would haul up and carry off the rope. I made a move toward it. Try to think of that journey!'

I nodded to him silently.

'Shuffling sidewise very carefully, I had not made five yards before I knew that I could not continue to look out over that abyss without glancing down, and that I could not glance down without losing my senses. You have the brick line to keep eyes on as you walk along the factory wall—do you think you could move along it erect, looking down as you would have to? Yet it is only one hundred feet high. Imagine five more such walls on top of that and you trying to move sidewise—incapable of closing your eyes, to reed to look down, from end to end, yes, three times further! Imagine you've got to go on or jump off! Would you not, in an ecstacy of nervous agitation, fall to your knees, get down face first at full length, clutch by your hands and with shut eyes feel your way? I longed to lie down and hold, but of course that was impossible.

'Still there was a wall at your back,' observed Jack.

'That made it worse! The cliff seemed to press outward against me. It did, in fact incline very slightly outward. It seemed to be thrusting me off. Oh, the horror of that sensation! Your toes on the edge of a precipice, and the implacable, calm mountain apparently weighting you slightly forward.'

Beads of sweat broke out over his face at the horror he had called before him. Wiping his lips nervously with the back of his hand, and looking askant, as at the narrow pathway, he paused long. I saw its cruel edge and the dark gleams of its abysmal water.

'I knew,' he resumed, 'that with my back to the wall I could never reach the rope. I could not face toward it and step forward, so narrow was the ledge. Motion was perhaps barely possible that way, but the breadth of my shoulders would have forced me to lean somewhat more outward, and and this I dared not and could not do. Also, to see a solid surface before me became an irresistible desire. I resolved to try to turn around before resuming the desperate journey. To do this I had to nerve myself for one steady look at my footing.

'In the depth below the myriad sea fowl then rested on the black water, which, tho' swelling more with the rising wind, had yet an unbroken surface at some little distance from the precipice, while further out it had begun to jump to white-caps, and in beneath me, where I could not see, it dashed and churned with a faint, pervading roar that I could barely distinguish. Before the descending sun a heavy bank of cloud had arisen. The ocean's surface bore that appearance of intense and angry gloom that often heralds a storm, but save the deep murmur going out from far below my perch, all to my hearing was deadly still.

'Cautiously I swung out my right foot before the other and carefully edged around. For an instant, as my shoulder rubbed against the rock, I felt that I must fall. I did stagger, in fact, but the next moment stood firm, face to the bedding cliff, my heels on the very edge, and the new sensation of the abyss behind me no less horrible than that from which I had with such difficulty escaped. I stood quaking. A delirious horror thrilled every nerve. The skin about my ears and neck, suddenly cold, shrank convulsively.

'Wild with fear, I thrust forward my head against the rock and rested in agony. A whir and wind of sudden wings made me conscious of outward things again. Then a mad eagerness to climb swept away other feeling, and my hands attempted in vain to clutch the rock. Not daring to cast my head backward, I drew in tortoise-like between my raised shoulders and chin against the precipice, and gazed upward with straining of vision from under my eyebrows.

'Far above the dead wall stretched. Sidewise glances gave me glimpses of the projecting summit coping. There was no hope in that direction. But the distraction of scanning the cliff-side had given my strained nerves some relief; to my memory again returned the promise of the Almighty and the consciousness of His regard. Once more my muscles became firm-strung.

'A cautious step sidewise made me know how much I had gained in my ease and security of motion by the change of front. I made progress that seemed almost rapid for some rods, and even had exultation in my quick approach to the rope. Hence came freedom to think how I should act on reaching it, and speculation as to how soon my comrades would haul me up.

'Then the idea rushed through me that they might even yet draw it away too soon; that while almost in my clutch it might rise from my hands. Instantly all the terrors of my position returned with tenfold force; an outward thrust of the precipice seemed to grow distinct, my trembling hands told me that it moved boldly toward me, the descent behind me took an unspeakable remoteness, and from the utmost depth of that sheer air seemed to ascend steadily a deadly and a chilling wind. But I think I did not stop for an instant. Instead a delirium to move faster possessed me, and with quick, sidelong steps—my following foot striking hard against that before—sometimes on the point of stumbling, stretched out like the crucified, I pressed in mortal terror along.

'Every possible accident and delay was presented to my excited brain. What if the ledge should narrow suddenly to nothing? Now I believed that my heels were unsupported in air, and I moved along on tip-toe. Now I was convinced that the narrow pathway sloped outward, that this slope had become so distinct, so increasingly distinct that I might at any moment slip off into the void. But dominating every consideration of possible disaster, was still that of the need for speed, and distinct amid all other terrors was that sensation of the dead wall ever silently and inexorably pressing me outward.

'My mouth and throat were choked with dryness, my convulsive lips parched and arid; much I longed to press them against the cold, moist stone. But I never stopped. Faster, faster—more wildly I stepped—in a delirium I pushed along. Then suddenly before my staring eyes was a well remembered edge of mossy stone, and I knew that the rope should be directly behind me. Was it?

'I glanced over my left shoulder. The rope was not to be seen! Wildly I looked over the other—no rope! Almighty God! and hast Thou deserted me?

'But what! Yes, it moves! it sways in sight! it disappears—to return again to view! There was the rope directly at my back, swinging in the now strong breeze with a motion that had carried it away from my first hurried glances. With the relief tears pressed to my eyes and—face bowed to the precipice, almost forgetful for a little time of the hungry air beneath—I offered deep thanks to God for the delivery that seemed so near.'

The old man's lips continued to move, but no sound came from them. We was ted silent while, with closed eyes and bent head, he remained absorbed in the recollection of that strange minute of devoutness,

'I stood there,' he said at last, 'for what now seems a space of hours, perhaps half a minute in reality. Then all the chances still to be run crowded upon me. To turn around had been an attempt almost desperate before, and certainly, most certainly, the ledge was no wider where I now stood. Was the rope within reach? I feared not. Would it sway toward me? I could hope for that.

But could I grasp it should I be saved? Would it not yield to my hand—coming slowly down as I pulled, unrolling from a coil above, trailing over the ground at the top, running fast as its end approached the ledge, falling suddenly at last? Or was it fastened to the accustomed stake? Was any comrade near who would summon aid at my signal? If not, and if I grasped it and if it held, how long should I swing in the wind that now bore the freshness and tremors of an imminent gale?

'Now again fear took hold on me, and as a desperate man I prepared to turn my face to the expanse of water and nothing beyond that awful cliff. Closing my eyes, I writhed, with I know not what motions, easily around till again my back pressed against the precipice. That was a restful sensation. And now for the decision of my fate! I looked at the rope. Not for a moment could I fancy it within my reach. Its swayings were not, as I had expected, even slightly inward, but when falling back against the wind, it swung outward as though the air were eddying from the wall.

'Now I gazed down steadily. Would a leap be certain death? The water was of immense depth below. But what chance of striking it feet or head first? What chance of preserving consciousness in the descent? No, the leap would be death; that at least was clear.

'Again I turned to the rope. I was now perfectly desperate, but steady, nerved beyond the best moments of my life, good for an effort surpassing the human. Still the rope swayed as before, and its motion was very regular. I saw that I could touch it at any point of its gyration by a strong leap.

'But could I grasp it? What use if it were not firmly secured above? But all the time for hesitation had gone by. I knew too well that strength was mine but for a moment, and that in the next reaction of weakness I should drop from the wall like a dead fly. Bracing myself, I watched the rope steadily for one round, and as it returned against the wind, jumped straight out over the heaving Atlantic.

'By God's aid I reached, touched, clutched, held the stout line. And it held! Not absolutely. Once, twice and again it gave, gave with jerks that tried my arms. I knew these indicated but tightening. Then it held firm and I swung turning in the air, scarce above the waters that beat below.

'To slide down and place my feet in the loop was the instinctive work of a moment. Fortunately it was of dimensions to admit my body barely. I slipped it over my thighs up to my armpits just as the dreaded reaction of weakness came. Then I lost consciousness.

'When I awakened my dear mother's face was beside my pillow, and she told me that I had been tossing for a fortnight in brain fever. Many weeks I lay there, and when I got strong found that I had left my nerve on that awful cliff-side. Never since have I been able to look from a height or see any other human being on one without shuddering.

'So now you know the story, Mr. Frazer, and have had your last walk on the factory wall.'

He spoke truer than he knew. His story has given me such horrible nightmares ever since that I could no more walk on the high brickwork than along that narrow ledge in distant Cornwall.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

Sometime before the war a Presbyterian clergyman from New Hampshire went South with his family, for the benefit of his health. He purchased a little farm in Virginia, about three miles from Washington, D. C., access to which was had by the way of Georgetown and the Aequeduct bridge. He gradually failed in health, however, and died, leaving a widow—Mrs. Hays—and two girls and boys. At the breaking out of the war in 1861, Mrs. Hays and her elder daughter, who was about 15 years of age, took a decided stand in favor of the Union cause. It required not a little moral courage to do this; but there was no element of fear in the make-up of any member of the family. At first their home was within the Confederate lines, and communication with Washington was very difficult and hazardous. Mrs. Hays was ridiculed and sometimes threatened, but it availed nothing.

After the Confederate lines were driven back a few miles in 1861, fortifications were constructed around Washington for the protection of the National Capital. They consisted of a chain of forts arranged in nearly a circle. The line crossed the Potomac near Chain Bridge above Georgetown, extending thence down to Arlington Heights and some distance below, recrossing the river about half way between Long Bridge and Alexandria, and so on around until the circle was complete. Within this line, and about a mile and a-half from Fort Smith, situated on a little eminence, was Mrs. Hays' modest home, protected now from the enemy, but suffering more perhaps from her friends. Many regiments were encamped near by; and little by little her timber and fences and stock and crops disappeared, until there was scarcely anything left save the house and land. Even the cook stove was missing one morning. Very frequently at night she was aroused by the beating of "the long roll," the shouting words of command, and the tramping of regiments as they swiftly formed in line of battle to meet the expected enemy. On such occasions all the members of the family would hastily dress, secure about their persons what valuables they had, and patiently wait. During all these trying years she and her daughter were devoted friends of the Union cause, and their willing hands were untiring in doing something for the soldiers.

It was a mid-summer morning in 1864. Out in the fields and over in the city it was scorching hot. But in Mrs. Hays' house, protected as it was from the rays of the sun by the abundant foliage of the great oaks which surrounded it, the heat was not oppressive. Mrs. Hays was in the sitting room reading a paper. The elder daughter was in Washington. Charley—the elder son—who was then near 13 years of age, was playing with the dog on the porch. It was a peaceful quiet picture of Virginia country life. Suddenly there came a loud, whistling, screaming sound, followed by a terrific explosion directly over the house.

"Why!" ejaculated Mrs. Hays, as she started from her seat, "what a heavy clap of——" thunder, she was about to say, but the unmistakable humming, twanging sounds which followed close upon the explosion, with the falling of leaves and broken branches from the trees, told her it was a shell from some heavy gun.

"Is it possible the rebels are making an attack?" she said.

The children now came running in from their play, and one of them cried out, "Oh, mamma! the lightning has struck the trees." Mrs. Hays went out on the porch and looked and listened, but nothing unusual could be seen or heard.

"It was a shell," said she. "I expect a gun at one of the forts went off accidentally."

"Well, said Charley, "when they load their guns I wish they'd point them toward Richmond. They ought to be ashamed of themselves."

"I don't think we shall be troubled any more," said the mother as she returned to the sitting room, followed by the children. She had but just resumed her seat when another shell buried itself in the earth a few rods from the house and burst throwing up clouds of dust and dirt.

"What can it mean?" said Mrs. Hays,

"I know what it means, mamma," cried Charley. "That New York regiment which has just been sent over to Fort Smith has put up a target in our field, and the fellows are firing at it. I wish I was General I'd put every one of them in the guard house."

The boy was right in his surmise, and in a few moments another missile thrown from one of the large siege guns with which the fort was armed struck a quarter of a mile away, and came bounding or ricocheting toward the house, striking the ground at short intervals in its mad course, something as a stone when thrown violently upon the water skips along the surface. With a shriek like a demon it plunged through the garden, destroying everything in its path, filled the air with dust, gave two or three more skips and screeches, and finally burst over near the road. Mrs. Hays turned pale.

"Come down into the cellar with me, all of you," she said; and they obeyed with alacrity. After she had quieted Eliza, the negro servant, who was alternately praying to "de good Lord" and to "Missus Hays" to save her, she said:

"Charley, you must run up to Mr. Pierson's jes' as fast as you can, and ask him to go around to the fort and have the firing stopped. And you remain at Mr. Pierson's until I send for you. Don't come back. You are not afraid to go, are you?"

"No mammy, I'm not afraid," answered the brave little fellow as he clasped his mother's hand a little tighter.

"I knew you would not be; and now as soon as the next shell comes I want you to go." When it came she kissed him and said: "Now my brave boy, run!"

She would have gladly gone herself, but she thought it better to remain that she might be with the other two children in case the house should be struck and burned. It cost her a struggle to send her son forth on such a perilous errand and her face was very pale as she kissed him. Away sped Charley through the garden, glancing with wonder at the great furrows the shells had ploughed, climbed the fence and started to run with all his might toward Mr. Pierson's house, which was half a mile distant. He had scarcely left the garden fence, however, when another shell came tearing through the shrubbery he had just passed and burst close to the house. The mother's heart stood still for an instant—and there was cause for it. One of the flying fragments struck poor Charley, and he fell to the ground with a cry of "Oh, mamma!" Down in the cellar the mother heard the cry of her wounded boy, and in a moment she was kneeling by his side. It was a sad sight for a mother to look upon. The cruel piece of iron with its ragged edges had stripped a great piece of flesh from the back of his ankle upward, completely severing the cord and laying bare the bone. He was lying upon his face, and the blood was already staining the green grass where he had fallen. Speaking words of encouragement, she removed his shoe and the fragment of stocking, and hastily bound up the wound with strips torn from her clothing. In this way she staunched the flow of blood and quieted his fears, though she could not alleviate his pain.

"Now Charley, I must go up to Mr. Pierson's myself, for a shell may strike the house, and then Mary and Robby will be burnt. I'll put you behind that tree, and you will not be in much danger."

"But you'll run, mamma, won't you?"

And tears trickled down Charley's cheeks, though he tried very hard to keep them back. The tree was a large chestnut, and its generous trunk afforded a pretty ample protection against the shells, two of which fell near while Mrs. Hays was binding up the wound. Arriving at Mr. Pierson's she dispatched him in great haste to the fort, while she with swift feet returned to Charley. Becky and Berty Pierson, aged seventeen and eighteen with true girlish heroism, returned with her, notwithstanding the bursting shells. On the way they passed several negroes sheltered behind stumps and stones, and Mrs. Hays vainly begged them to follow her and assist in the removal of the wounded boy. They found Charley behind the tree, and he said, "Oh, mamma! I'm so glad you've come back." He could not walk at all, and he was weak from pain and loss of blood. So his mother and the two girls carried him in their arms as best they could. Down the hill, half blinded by the smoke and stunned by the awful explosions, slowly moved the strange procession. They waded the little stream in the hollow, stopping a moment to bathe Charley's face and hands, and carried their burden up the hill to Mr. Pierson's house.

By this time Mr. Pierson had reached the fort, and the firing ceased. The other children were sent for, and in a few moments the regimental surgeon and hospital steward came galloping down to express their sorrow at what happened and to render assistance. The surgeon's proffered services were most gladly accepted. When he was ready to examine the wound, the mother said:

"Now, Charley, it will hurt you to have the wound dressed; but it must be done, and you must try and bear it. It will soon be over."

"I'll try," said Charley, "if you'll be sure, mamma, and not let my leg be cut off."

She pressed him to her heart, and assured him with loving words that there was no occasion for so serious an operation.

"Sing to me, mamma! Sing to me!"

"Why, Charley—I—I—don't believe I can sing now," she faltered.

"You must, mamma, you must! Please sing to me just the same as you always do, and I'll keep awful still." And he reached up and put his arms pleadingly around her neck. There was a silence in the room as the little sufferer persisted in his strange request. Then the mother closed her eyes and tried to sing. Her voice was tremulous at first, but by a mighty effort she expelled from her mind every thought save the remembrance of her love for her wounded child; and she was soon able to sing to him almost as sweetly and softly as if in her own quiet home. The boy's arms gradually relaxed and he lay back again quietly upon the blood-stained bed, with his head resting half upon his pillow and half upon his mother's lap. His eyes were closed, and his pallid face had lost something of the roundness and fullness which marked it in the morning. The mother was bending over him with one of his hands in hers. On the other side of the bed sat Berty Pierson fanning Charley's face. At the foot stood the surgeon and the steward. Clustered around the room were half a dozen neighbors looking on with sympathetic, awe-stricken faces.

When the mother began to softly sing the song she knew he loved, there was a solemn hush in the room, and every eye was filled with tears. Even the rough, old surgeon, as he cut away the bloody bandage, was seen to turn away his head and hastily draw his sleeve across his eyes as if to wipe away the mist, and the steward also. Under the soothing gush his leg mother's voice the boy allowed effect and to be dressed and the cruel stitches to be taken. Later in the day he dropped asleep and awoke considerably refreshed. He was unconquering through it all; and the fortitude with which he bore his sufferings excited the admiration of every one.

In the cool of the evening Charley was taken home in an ambulance, sent for that purpose from the fort. The officers did everything in their power to atone for the suffering they had so carelessly, but unintentionally caused. The surgeon and his assistants attended him tenderly and carefully until he was well. The surgeon offered to procure his mother a pension, but Mrs. Hays declined saying that she was too thankful that her boy was alive to think of asking aid from the Government. Charley was soon able to walk with the aid of crutches, but could not dispense with their use for many months.

Mrs. Hays, now an aged woman, loves to tell of those perilous times. One of her daughters, a lady of rare qualities, fills one of the highest positions allowed to her sex in the Government Departments at Washington. She has in her little cabinet at home the very piece of shell which did its cruel work that day. It is rusty, and when pickled up was blood stained. Charley is a florist and brings his flowers regularly to one of the Washington markets. He limps a little, and will always have cause to remember the summer morning when the New York regiment in Fort Smith bombarded his mother's house.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY. - - - JUNE 5, 1885.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND accompanied by several members of his Cabinet went to New York on Friday last to review the military procession on Saturday, Decoration Day, and returned to Washington on Sunday afternoon.

IT estimated that owing to the failure of the Pittsburg iron men and their employes to agree upon a scale of wages for the year beginning on Monday last, 75,000 working men in that city and at points west of it, have been thrown out of employment.

THOMAS V. COOPER, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, has issued a call for the meeting of the Republican State Convention to nominate a candidate for State Treasurer, at Harrisburg, on Wednesday, the 8th of July. Senatorial and Representative delegates will be chosen under the old apportionment act, as Senators and Representatives are nominated in their respective districts.

YESTERDAY was the last of the 150 days for which the act of 1874 provides that the members of the Legislature shall be paid at the rate of ten dollars per day, and a Harrisburg dispatch says that a number of members express a willingness to hold out until the 12th (next Friday) but swear they will go home then no matter what legislation remains unfinished. If their pay went on, however, who doubts that they would not remain at Harrisburg until Christmas with as little benefit to the people of the State, as is now visible from any thing that has been done during their five months' session that expired on yesterday.

A BILL passed the Senate finally on Tuesday of last week fixing the allowance to be paid to Sheriff's for boarding prisoners at fifty cents per day for each prisoner. On the same day a bill passed the House finally requiring all deeds to be recorded within thirty days after delivery. Also finally a bill fixing the pay of witnesses before Justices of the Peace at 50 cents a day and 3 cents mileage. The bill appropriating $200,000 to be expended in making improvements to the Capital was defeated by a vote of 71 yeas, to 74 nays. The eight hour bill was passed finally by a vote of 102 yeas, to 31 nays. The bill punishes with a fine of $100 for the first offense and $200 for the second, any employer who compels his employes to work more than eight hours a day.

THE Eight-Hour bill which passed finally the lower branch of the Legislature last week, punishes by a fine of $100 for the first offence and $200 for the second, an employer who "compels" his employes to labor more than eight hours a day. "Such legislation," says the Philadelphia *Record*, "does no good and only provokes contention. The Legislature might as well provide that three pecks shall make a bushel. The reduced bushel would sell in the market for three-fourths of the value of the four peck bushel. The shortened day's labor will sell for less than ten or twelve hour labor. And what can be done in cases where there is no compulsion? The hours of labor are necessarily a matter of agreement between the persons who hire it and the persons who are hired. It is nobody's business but their own."

A GOOD LOOKING, well built man named Snyder, who belonged to a New York regiment during the war, walked into the Pension office at Washington one day last week and when asked by the First Deputy Commissioner what his business was, said: "I want to have my pension stopped." The Deputy looked at the man, then at his papers and then at the man again, and finally sent a messenger for the record. "Have you considered this step sufficiently," asked the Deputy. "You are, I see, receiving $72 a month, nearly $900. "Yes, I have considered it. The Government has done enough for me. I want to give it up. I have not an abundance of means, but I have enough for comfort." The Deputy thereupon introduced Snyder to the Commissioner, Gen. Black, and after a short interview, a record of the case was made in order that the pension might be cancelled "upon claimant's request." Gen. Black says this is not the first case of the kind within his knowledge. While thousands of men are fraudulently drawing pensions the request of Snyder, who feels that he is able to live without any more aid from the government, is so exceptional that it deserves honorable mention.

THE Republicans in the Senate and House at Harrisburg having consumed almost five months in concocting and passing through the two houses the Congressional and Legislative apportionment bills, sent them to Gov. Pattison for his action last week, and both of them were returned by him on Friday to the Senate, to which they originated, with his objections in the shape of two scathing veto messages in which he exposes their rank injustice, to say nothing of their plain violation of the Constitution. The vetoes, like all the Governor's productions of that character and with which the Legislature has become so familiar, are ably and fearlessly written and can be easily understood without the aid of a dictionary. A map of the State together with the census returns of 1880 are all that a man of ordinary capacity needs, to enable him to understand the irresistible force of Governr Pattison's logic. We have carefully followed these bills in their tortuous passage through both houses, and have never believed that the Republican leaders themseves, who were pressing them to final passage, supposed for one moment that the Governor would stultify himself by affixing his signature to either of such legislative monstrosities. It is not going too far to say that no man could vote for either without committing moral perjury. It is not doubted at Harrisburg that when a vote is taken on the vetoes in the Senate they will both be sustained.

A FEW weeks ago Governor Pattison vetoed a bill authorizing an additional law judge in the Chester county district, and last week a similar bill in relation to the Northumberland county district shared the same fate. The Governor bases his veto in the Northumberland bill on the same ground assumed by him in the case of the Chester district, that another judge is not required by the business of the district, is not demanded by the people and is an unnecessary addition to the public expense. The House in which the bill originated endorsed the Governor's views, and refused to pass the bill over the veto by the Constitutional two-thirds vote. If these two bills, as well as a third one applicable to another district, but which has not yet finally passed both houses, had been approved by the Governor, it is not at all a too violent presumption that at the next session of the Legislature an additional law judge would have been asked for in nearly every district in the State. The firm stand taken by Gov. Pattison against the election of additional law judges, although it will sadly interfere with the selfish projects of a few lawyers, will be heartily sustained by the people. And here we take occasion again to say that if the Justices of the Peace before whom criminal prosecutions are required to be commenced, would assert their prerogative and settle finally at least one-half of the frivolous cases that are instituted before them, they would shorten the time now occupied by the Courts nearly one-half, save the different counties a vast amount of money in the shape of jurors' fees, and completely silence any plea that could be made for an additional judge in any district in the State.

WHAT is known as the Brooks liquor license bill, requiring retail dealers in liquor to pay $100 as license per year in addition to the amount now paid, was defeated in the House at Harrisburg, by a vote of 78 yeas, to 79 nays. On the following day, however, the Brown high license bill was taken up and passed second reading by a vote of 95 yeas, to 62 nays. It imposes the following rates in addition to those now paid, the increased amount to go into the county treasuries: Cities of the first and second class, $250; third class, $200; fourth class, $150; fifth class, which includes boroughs from 5,000 to 10,000 inhabitants, $75, and $50 for all other boroughs and townships. It will be seen that the vote in favor of the bill (95) is only *six* less than is required to pass it finally when it again comes before the House. The opponents of any increased license fee assert that the necessary six votes will not be forthcoming, while the friends of the bill express their confidence in its ultimate passage. No man can predict what the present House will or will not finally do in regard to this question, and we must patiently wait until it makes its last guess. The question ought to have been definitely disposed of by the House more than two months ago, in order that the Senate might have the necessary time to give it full consideration, which it couldn't very well now do even if it should pass the lower branch of the Legislature. There is and always has been more arrant demagogueism displayed by members of the Legislature on the license question, than on any other subject of public concern with which they undertake to deal.

A. LOWDEN SNOWDEN, Superintendent of the Philadelphia Mint, forwarded his resignation to President Cleveland last week, to take effect on the 30th of June. We know of no more conspicuously offensive partisan than this same man Snowden, and the wonder has been that he was not kicked out of office within forty-eight hours after Mr. Cleveland took possession of the White House. During the campaign last year he was constantly on the stump in this and other States, and no Republican speaker from Maine to Oregon was so bitter and unscrupulous in his assaults upon the Democratic candidate. He made several speeches in Pittsburg last fall that disgusted even the Republicans by their indecency and falsehoods, and wound up his stumping tour on the night before the election in a speech at Norristown, which surpassed all his previous efforts in vulgar and blackguard abuse of Cleveland and of which he afterwards said he was ashamed. His efficiency and ability as the chief officer of the Mint are not questioned, and because of that fact his Republican friends got the notion into their heads that Mr. Cleveland wouldn't lay his iron hand upon him. Snowden, however, knew bravely what his fate would be and fled before the approaching storm. Hartranft, who is Collector of the Port, and Huidekoper, the Philadelphia Postmaster, had better take time by the forelock and follow Snowden's example.

THE *Farmers' Review* which has made a thorough survey of all the Western and Southern wheat-growing States, says: "The gloomiest views advanced concerning the winter wheat outlook for 1885, must now be accepted as the most accurate. The absolute uniformity of the returns indicate that the outlook this year is the worst in ten years and it may be set down as positive that under the most favoring conditions the total winter and spring wheat yield is to fall considerably under the short crop of 1881, when the total product was 380,000,000 bushels." The *Review* estimates the winter wheat yield at about 200,000,000 bushels and the absolute percentages from the most trustworthy sources indicate that the yield will be somewhat under than over these figures. The probable spring wheat yield, based upon continuing favorable weather, will be 130,000,000 bushels. The total wheat crop of the country, therefore, from the present outlook, will be from 320,000,000 to 330,000,000 bushels, against an average yield for the past five years of 464,000,000 bushels.

SEVENTY years ago the ground on which Chicago now stands was an almost impassable swamp, and the only building a log house occupied by a military company, and called Fort Dearborn. Chicago has now a population of more than half a million and is the fourth if not the third largest city in the Union.

IRELAND THE PIVOT AFTER ALL.

The gravity and urgency of the constitutional problems raised by the imperative demands of the Irish Nationalists were never more signally demonstrated than by the disagreement among British Ministers regarding the Crimes act and other measures bearing on the government of Ireland. Here is a Cabinet that held together under the torrent of obloquy poured on the abortive outcome of the Soudan demonstration, and that showed an unbroken front to the rude assaults provoked by its misconduct of the Afghan controversy, now racked with dissension and brought to the edge of rupture by Irish questions that for the last six months seemed buried and forgotten, or, at all events, postponed to a new Parliament.

The lull in the discussion of Ireland's affairs might no doubt have been prolonged through the expiring hours of the present House of Commons if Earl Spencer and the other Whig members of the Cabinet had been content, while putting off all projects looking to administrative and agrarian melioration, to defer also their own scheme for perpetuating coercion by a reenactment of the Crimes act. To the three colleagues of Lord Spencer who represent the British Radicals—Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Charles Dilke, and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre—there was something peculiarly inopportune, unfair, and exasperating in this inflexible adherence to the purpose of coercion, because it has been repeatedly admitted by the Viceroy and the Chief Secretary themselves that for some time Ireland has been and is now exceptionally free from crimes of violence.—There has thus ceased to be a pretext for interference with the ordinary law governing arrest and trial by jury, and Radicals like Mr. Morley and Mr. Joseph Cowen, who voted only with extreme reluctance for the Crimes act in the first instance, could not without a glaring breach of faith sanction any further application of its anomalous provisions.

We are told that the number of Radical seceders from the Ministerial ranks on the question of renewed coercion will not fall short of fifty, and that the coalition against Lord Spencer's project will be joined by some forty Conservative members whom Lord Randolph Churchill has persuaded to compete with the Radicals for the good will of the Home Rulers. It is not, indeed, expected that Mr. Parnell, Mr. Morley, and Lord Randolph together can muster more than 120 votes, but this demonstration may so strengthen the hands of Mr. Chamberlain and the other two Radical leaders within the Cabinet that Mr. Gladstone in the end may range himself upon their side. No man knows better than the Premier how grossly disproportionate is the actual preponderance of the Whig element in the Ministry to the influence of Whig traditions over the huge constituency created by the last Reform act. And if he intended to retain the active headship of his party, Mr. Gladstone would even now pay more heed to the opinions of Messrs. Chamberlain and Dilke than to those of the Whig members of the present Cabinet combined.

The attempt to conciliate the Radicals by offering to amend the purchase clauses of the Land act during the term of the present Parliament has miscarried for two reasons: first, because the proposed conditions of sale are said to be more favorable to landlords than to tenants; and, secondly, because no measure of the kind could be carried out acceptably to the Irish people under the existing system of local administration. English Radicals have at last awakened to the fundamental truth that reform legislation for Ireland has hitherto begun at the wrong end, and that the first thing needed is a radical transformation of the machinery for enforcing the laws. Accordingly, Mr. Morley and his friends have for some time seconded Mr. Parnell in contending that a Local Government bill ought to precede even a Land Purchase bill. To insist, as Lord Spencer does, that a new Coercion bill should take precedence of both, is to offer Ireland a stone when she has been clamoring for bread.

There may be some ground for the reports that the Whig and the Radical members of the Cabinet will agree upon a compromise by which certain clauses of the Crimes act would be reenacted for one year only. Such an arrangement would be a virtual victory for the Radicals, who are certain to decisively outnumber the Whigs in the next House.—*N. Y. Sun.*

PENNSYLVANIA'S TANNER GOVERNOR.—HARRISBURG, May 27.—The monument erected by the State to the memory of Gov. Simon Snyder in Selin's Grove, Snyder county, was unveiled today in the presence of both branches of the Legislature and a vast multitude from all parts of the State. Gov. Snyder, who was a poor boy and a tanner by trade, served as Justice of the Peace, member of the Constitutional Convention of 1790, and in the Legislature, of which he was for several terms Speaker. He was elected Governor in 1808, and served three terms, and then was elected to the State Senate in which office he was serving when he died at an advanced age. He had never been to school, but had acquired considerable learning by personal effort and application under the most disadvantageous circumstances. It is of record that while he was serving his apprenticeship to the tanning trade at Doudel's tannery at York, Pa., he studied at night by the light of a coal miner's lamp, and to avoid the smoke and disagreeable odors arising from the wick, invented a chimney which marked him as a man of genius.

When the Susquehanna valley was a wilderness Gov. Snyder left Lancaster, the place of his birth, and located at Selin's Grove, where he began trading as a small merchant. To-day the Governor of the Commonwealth, two ex-Governors, the venerable ex-Senator, Simon Cameron, several members of Congress, and very many citizens visited the scene of his early struggles to pay tribute to his memory. Gov. Pattison, on behalf of the commission appointed by law, consisting of the Governor, the Secretary of the Commonwealth and the Secretary of Internal Affairs, in an eloquent speech presented the monument to the local committee, composed of citizens of of the village. Gov. Curtin, Gen. Simon Cameron, Ex Governor Hartranft and others made appropriate speeches. The unveiling was done by a miss of 13 years, the great-grand-daughter of Gov. Snyder. The Governor's staff, the local military and civic organizations, and several squads of the National Guard from neighboring counties were present to give importance to the occasion.

The Reputation of a Standard Article

Is seldom injured by surreptitious rivalry. Imitators of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters have not only lost money by attempting undemand competition with it, but have actually contributed to enhance the estimation in which the genuine medicine is held. The public at large has for many years been acquainted with the ear marks that distinguish the real from the spurious, and cannot be persuaded that other articles sold in a somewhat similar guise are equally good. Fever and ague, constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaint are not curable by cheap local bitters, eye openers and tonics, but the fact is too well proven and too generally known to admit of conscientious dispute, that for these and other maladie the great household medicine is a safe and thorough remedy.—Not only in the United States, but in Mexico, South America and the West Indies, its merits are widely recognized and its reputation too firmly established to be shaken.

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, June 1, 1885.

This morning I concluded I would take a birdseye view of Washington in her summer dress, and, instead of writing you a political news letter, tell you something about how the Capital of your country looks on the first of June, after a week of rain. I am writing on the top of the Washington Monument, at an elevation of 500 feet. The city is spread out before me like a chess board on which the church spires are bishops, the equestrian statues knights, the huge department buildings castles, and the palaces of the millionaire Senators—but I have stretched this poor simile far enough. The prevailing color is green. Lafayette Park, Franklin and Judiciary squares, the extensive lawns of the White House, and the Smithsonian and Agricultural grounds have a bright emerald freshness. The many thousands of trees that now reach the house tops give the appearance of a city planted in a yong forest. From this height one can get a much better general view of the improvements that are in progress than by driving over the city. The visible public improvements are confined mainly to the Potomac flats, the Pension office, the new State department and the Capitol. It has long been an objection to the Capitol that it was squatty or stumpy in its architecture, and that the dome was entirely too high and imposing for such a flat pile of buildings as are the House and Senate wings. To build the Capitol over again when it had already cost about $15,000,000 was too extravagant an undertaking even for this country. To build the Senate and House wings higher was not desirable, for taken by themselves, they are architecturally perfect both in proportion and in detail. So, instead of building the Capitol higher, it has been decided to increase its height by building it lower. The west front of the Capitol is surrounded by a sodded terrace. This is to be removed and a white marble lower story added to it. The work has already been begun, and its effect may be judged now. It will add greatly to the height of the Capitol and thus decrease the apparent heighth of the dome, taking away the unpleasant appearance of disproportion.

The vast new park that has been made by dredging the bottom of the Potomac and depositing the mud on the bordering swamps may be seen in outline from the monument. Two or three years will elapse before the work can be completed, and it will add several hundred acres to the public grounds of the Capital, which, when improved by the art of landscape gardener, will increase no little the attractiveness of it environs.

The new Pension building will soon be finished and occupied by Pension Commissioner Black and his army of clerks. It will be the most commodious and convenient of the department buildings in Washington. The ventilation will be perfect, for every room will have windows on opposite sides communicating with the outer air.

Apropos of the public buildings and improvements of the national Capital, it has been said that the Democratic party was not favorable to them, and that the wonderful progress of the city would now come to a stand still. It will be remembered, however, that the solid architectural improvement of the city was nearly all begun and accomplished under Democratic auspices, and before the Republicans came into power. The Capitol, the Postoffice department, the Patent Office, and the U. S. Treasury were built before the Presidency of Abraham Lincoln, The Republicans have, with a great outlay of public funds, made new streets and parks and erected bronze equestrian statues to many generals of the late war, but what they have done will not compare in usefulness, solidity or endurance with what the Democrats did before them. Those who are most interested have faith in Democratic patriotism and national spirit. Real estate owners are asking and getting more for their property than at any previous time in the history of the city. K.

WHEN we reflect that the Republican newspapers in Pennsylvania are edited by white men of more than average intelligence, and of average probity and good character, we cannot bring ourselves to understand the virulence of their attacks on Governor Pattison for vetoing the Apportionment bills. These bills were vetoed because they conflict with the rules laid down in the Constitution to govern legislative action in the matter of apportionments. Governor Pattison is bound by his oath of office to obey the Constitution. He could not sign the bills without violating his oath. He has done precisely what the political editors who assail him would have been bound to do if they had been in his place. The Apportionment bills as they stand, steal away from one portion of the people of the State their rightful share of reprsentation in Congress and the Legislature and confer it upon another portion of the people not entitled to it. It is wrong to steal. We do not suppose any of the irate editors we have alluded to would rob a till or a hen roost; but there is no moral difference between rot bing one man of his cash or his pullets and robbing one half of the people of Pennsylvania of their political rights. It is very fashionable, we know, to condone in the game of politics offenses that are punished with rigor in the ordinary dealings between man and man, but it should not be so. When the Legislature at Harrisburg boldly overrides the rights of the minority, solemnly guaranteed to them in fundamental law, there ought to be but one expression of dissent and abhorrence in the public press of the State. It is sad, indeed, that the press cannot rise to this height of rectitude and vindicate its character as the champion of justice and fair play.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Youth and Age.

The time for action is in our youth. It is then that we gather in the grapes. With freckled faces, sunburnt hands and bare feet we wander from vine to vine, from trellis to trellis in the very exuberance of childish glee and spirits. In age we quietly sit in the shade, and while the hours away in conversation with our friends while we sip the wine, which is the better for the long years which have passed since the vintage. In youth we should lose wisdom. It is then we should sow the seeds which are to bear fruit for the future. We should be taught that Peruna is the greatest medicine ever discovered, and that it has worked some wonderful cures. There is a book which can be procured at the drug stores, which tells you all about this medicine. It is entitled the "Ills of Life." Ask for it, and read it through, and then buy Peruna and you will never regret it. Send to Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co., Columbus, Ohio, for a book on the "Ills of Life," gratis.

Thous are Solid Facts.

The best blood purifier and system regulator ever placed within the reach of suffering humanity, truly is Electric Bitters. In-digestion of the liver, biliousness, jaundice, constipation, weak kidneys, or any disease of the urinary organs, or whoever requires an appetizer, tonic or mild stimulant, will always find Electric Bitters the best and only certain cure known. They act surely and quickly, every bottle guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or money refunded. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by E. James.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—While boring an artesian well near Buffalo Bluff, Fla., a few days ago, the drill passed through a cyprus tree at a depth of 65 feet.

—Peppers were given to the world by America. Columbus carried them to Spain on his return voyage in 1493, from whence they were disseminated throughout Europe.

—Postmaster Wm. C. Smith, of Halden, Missouri, committed suicide, Friday, by shooting himself. His books had just been examined and his accounts found $900 short.

—There is no railroad in Fulton county, Pa., but the Southern Pennsylvania system will soon supply the omission. The road will divide the county into nearly two equal parts.

—A very active red insect has appeared in some of the vineyards of Yolo county, Cal., immense numbers, covering the ground in places. A vine attacked by the new pest droops in an hour.

—A Kansas man found a dead hog, which he threw into his hog yard to save the trouble of burying. The result was that thirty-four of his other hogs died from eating the diseased meat.

—Over brain work and excesses reduce the vitality and cause nervous exhaustion, etc. The Pastille treatment is a radical cure. Harris Remedy Co., St. Louis, Mo. Send for free trials.

—A young man named McComb, aged twenty-seven years, of Welland, Ont., on Friday jumped over the precipice just below the new Suspension Bridge at Niagara Fall's, and was instantly killed.

—Quinsy troubled me for twenty years.—Since I started using Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, have not had an attack. The oil cures sore throat at once. Mrs. Letta Conrad, Standish, Mich., Oct. 24, '83.

—In Bismarck, Dakota, beer is now sold at 5 cents a glass, and the *Tribune* of that place sees in the city's release from the thraldom of "15-cent beer" a sign "that civilization is moving on with a lively tread."

—A village in Northern Hungary, Austria, containing 400 houses, was recently destroyed by an incendiary fire, and 1,000 persons were rendered destitute. The enraged populace discovered the culprit and roasted him to death over a bonfire.

—Chicago was visited by a heavy thunder storm yesterday afternoon. Ira Montague, a watchman, was struck by lightning and killed, and a number of other persons were more or less shocked. The storm on the lake was very severe.

—R. M. Reynolds, who was First Auditor of the United States Treasury until two weeks ago, committed suicide by jumping headlong down an air-shaft in the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, Wednesday morning. He had previously failed to asphyxiate himself. No motive is known.

—Eight tons of cherries were recently shipped from San Francisco to an Eastern market. The fruit was put up in baskets, and these were put into crates, thro' which the air freely circulated. The ends of the car were left open, and were protected by a wire gauze.

—Of the 20 volcanoes surrounding the ancient city of Quito, the lowest is over 15,000 feet and the highest (Chimborazo) is nearly 22,000. Three are now active (Cotopaxi, Sangal and Clobincha), 12 are dormant and the rest are extinct. Twenty-two summits are covered with perpetual snow.

—Dr. Douglass said on Monday evening that the swelling outside and inside General Grant's throat had so far abated, that the parts were now examined with greater ease than at any time since the General's serious illness. The patient this week has eaten solids, asparagus and steak, in very moderate quantity.

—On June 1, 1880, the population of the United States was 50,152,866. According to the ratio of increase between 1870 and 1880 our population now (June, 1885) is 58,302,706. On June 1, 1890, should the country not be overtaken by some great calamity, the population of the United States will foot up 66,452,546.

—While the family of Jacob Holzhauer, a prominent boot and shoe merchant of Bordentown, N. J., were watching the procession Saturday, the latter committed suicide by hanging. Holzhauer's mind had been affected by a family affliction a year ago and he had previously made several attempts to end his life.

—Careful observations at various points throughout the Schuylkill Valley indicate that the apple crop will be extraordinarily small this season, which is regarded as an "off year." Peaches, pears and plums promise fairly well, while strawberries and small fruit generally will be unusually plentiful.

—There are few of the members of the Confederate Cabinet who are wealthy. Bob Toombs, who lives near Atlanta, is wealthy. Reagan is worth something, but not very much. Watts, of Alabama, and Davis, of North Carolina, through pretty old men, continue in the practice of law at their respective homes.

—At Kenosha, Wisconsin, last Wednesday night, the 12 year old daughter of John Surges fell into the river and immediately sank beneath the surface. Mrs. Surges saw the child fall into the water and jumped in to save it. She struggled awhile and then disappeared, both mother and child losing their lives.

—Bailey's Dictionary, compiled and printed in London in 1741, and still in print, was a standard work before Samuel Johnson's Dictionary appeared. The present standard dictionary in England is Ogilevie's Imperial, though Stormonth's is much quoted. In this country Webster's is authority at Yale, and Worcester at Harvard.

—A very heavy thunder and hail storm, accompanied by a strong wind, passed over the northern end of Lancaster county on Sunday afternoon. The wind tore strong trees up by the roots and strewed them across roadways, and in several instances tobacco barns were picked up bodily and demolished. Hail stones, which were very large, fell to an unusual depth.

—The Indiana County Democratic Convention on Tuesday elected J. R. Wilson, of Indiana, and F. Workheiser, of Salisburg, Representative delegates, and R. A. McElhose, of Homer, Senatorial delegate and passed a resolution to the effect that in the distribution of post offices the administration should appoint only males. There are ten male applicants and one female candidate for the post office there

—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has issued a very handsome book giving full information in regard to its excursion routes for the season of 1885. Its pages are profusely illustrated with pictures of scenery along its lines, while its short descriptions of the various watering places and its rates of fare to the different poins, renders it an interesting as well as useful volume to the traveler and pleasure seeker.

—Miss Julia Jackson, daughter of the late Stonewall Jackson, was married in Richmond, Va., on Tuesday evening to Mr. Wm. E. Christian, of that city. The church was crowded with a brilliant assemblage. The bridal party included friends of the contracting parties from South Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Maryland, Washington, D. C.; North Carolina, New York and Virginia.

—A dispatch from Murphysboro, Ill., says: Chy Pock, the Chinaman who murdered Lou Johnson last Monday night, was arrested near there this afternoon, and on being directly charged with murder confessed the deed and was brought back on Tuesday afternoon. There is no longer any doubt but what Chy Pock killed Johnson for money, and that the sum was raised among the Chinaman here to have Johnson put out of the way.

—"I never patronize patent medcines.' 'Don't you?' 'Why not?' 'You patronize "patent" articles of a hundred varieties—why not patent medicines?' 'Because they are often worthless.' True, but not always. frequently they are the very best in the world representing the widest experience. At least we know that Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is one of these, and for all troubles of the blood, liver and urinary organs it stands on its merits, and not on advertising.

—A party of gentleman interested in mining have discovered in the easterm part of Knox county, Ohio, unmistakable evidences of gold, and the find has caused no little excitment. The metal is found in gold bearing black sand, and in quartz in quantities that will undoubtedly pay for the working. The gentleman refuse to disclose the exact locality of the find until leases of the territory can be secured by them, but they expect to take active steps within the coming week to thoroughly develop the extent of the vein they have struck.

—A special from St. George, Tucker county, West Virginia, says that last Saturday evening Crosby Payne and Mary Gregory, girls eighteen or twenty years old daughters of farmers living near that place, quarreled over the attentions that were being paid them by a young man named Brown, and engaged in a fight which was witnessed by several men, who refused to interfere until Miss Gregory had been badly used up. Miss Payne picked up a stone, and holding it in her hand hit Miss Gregory several times in the face with it. While Miss Gregory was blinded with blood Miss Payne picked her up and threw her into a pile of hot embers left by burning brush, and Miss Gregory was badly burned about the hands and arms.

—There is now no doubt that the Hessian fly is doing as much damage, if not more, than did the cold weather last winter, and the surplus wheat of Kansas will dwindle down to small proportions. Fields that four weeks ago promised one-half to three-fourths of a crop are ruined and will be turned over and millet put in. The fly is not confined to any one section, and if observable more in one place than another, that place is within the great wheat district, where there is more wheat for the insect to thrive on. Before the ravages of the insect became so widespread some concention of the wheat crop could be formed; now no one can form any estimate, and all guesses are wild ones. In the great valley of Kansas, the gypsum, in Saline county, where wheat never fails, entire fields are being plowed and millet sown. This is repeated in all parts of the State.

—John Laurer, a contractor and brickmaker of Pittsburg, who disappeared from home in December last, has returned home. He says that the first six weeks after his departure are blank to his memory. At the end of that time he found himself in a Cincinnati hospital, suffering from softening of the brain. He remembered his family but had forgotten where he lived, and wrote to his wife at New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore before he thought of Pittsburg and succeded in reaching her. His son was sent to Cincinnati for him, and Lauer says: With him every thing commenced coming back. My buisness, which had gone entirely out of my mind, was all clear to me, but I wouldn't come home. I was afraid to. I believed that if I came back I should go hopelessly insane. I left the hospital and went to work at my trade as a carpenter. I believe that saved me." He is now slowly recovering.

—A snake such as was never seen in that region was killed a few days ago by Jay Webb and Constable William Wilmarth, of Thompson, Susquehanna county, near that place. The snake is nine feet long and seven inches in diameter, with a peculiar flat head. Around the neck is a circle of short stiff hairs. The color of the serpent is brown, with red bands about the body at intervals of a few inches. The snake was discovered on James Foster's farm by Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Wale and Mrs. Thompson, who were gathering greens. It was lying at the foot of a small ledge and had a newly born lamb about half swallowed. The frightened women ran to Webb's house and told what they had seen. Webb and Wilmarth went to the spot, and, finding the snake helpless from gorging, killed it with a fence stake. They dragged it home, and it now hangs on Webb's barn door, an object of much wonder and curiosity to the entire neighborhood.

—Reports of a terrible earthquake in Cashmere have just been received from Calcutta. Since Sunday fearfully destructive shocks have occurred at intervals of about ten minutes. The loss of life is enormous, but at present unknown. The cavalry barracks at Shrinagar, the capital of Cashmere, have been destroyed. Fifty of the inmates were killed outright and a great number wounded. One part of the city has been entirely destroyed, and many hundreds of people are supposed to be buried in the ruins. Definite information is unobtainable, as the place is almost deserted, citizens having become panic-stricken and fled. The river which flows through Shrinagar, as well as the Lake of Cashmere, is covered with boats that are packed with refugees. Many others have sought shelter in hastily constructed huts and tents outside the walls. Hundreds of animals have been killed, and the destruction of property is enormous. The distress which prevails is appalling, and the dispatches which brought the first intelligence of the disaster contained urgent appeals for assistance. At last accounts the seismic disturbances continued unabated, and the complete destruction of the city of Shrinagar was imminent

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS — THE BEST TONIC.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

Trade Mark. QUALITY — PURITY — NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

TRIAL LIST.—Cases set down for trial at June Term of Court, commencing on Monday, June 8, 1885:

Kutruff vs. Gates.
Murray vs. Van Alken et al.
Smay vs. Martin.
Myers vs. Wilkinson.
Will vs. Roseline.
Hunt & McKee vs. Nagle et al.
Same vs. Same.
Baum vs. Tonkin.
Lytle vs. Portlandia.
Borough of Conemaugh vs. Lower Yoder tp.
Frantz vs. Voekenod.
Myers Ex'rs. use vs. Martin.
Murphy vs. Fye et al.
Fiske & Co. vs. Powell.
Cunningham et al vs. Weakland et al.
Milligan vs. Fisher et al.
Farabaugh vs. Hines.

Prothonotary's Office, } H. A. SHOEMAKER,
Eb'g May 4, 1885. } Prothonotary.

FARM FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers at private sale, his farm in Cambria township, one and one-half miles from Ebensburg, containing **240 Acres,** in a good state of cultivation, with good frame house and frame barn, an excellent orchard, plenty of water and about one million feet of lumber on the premises. To parties wishing to purchase a smaller piece of land, he will divide it to suit purchasers. Terms reasonable. Call on the subscriber residing on the premises. MARTIN SANDERS.
Cambria twp., Jan. 9, 1885.

Still Reducing Stock.

I again call the attention of the public to the fact that I am still selling goods at a great reduction in order to reduce my stock. As you all know my stock consists of everything in the

Hardware, House-Furnishing, and Agricultural

line. It is not necessary to enumerate it here, but come and satisfy yourselves that I am offering bargains in everything. As this is the time of the year for Shovel Plows and Cultivators, call and see my stock, which I am selling right down to first cost. I am also offering great bargains in

Wall Paper, Trunks, Silver Plated Ware,

Well and Cistern Pumps, Double Bitt Axes, &c. Remember my terms are cash, I cannot make these big reductions and charge goods on the books.

G. HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, May 16, 1884.-tf.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., New York.

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I
Could not move!
I shrunk!
From 228 pounds to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life." R. FITZPATRICK.
Dublin, June 6, 1881.

CHAPTER II.

"Malden, Mass., Feb 1, 1880. Gentlemen—I suffered with attacks of sick headache."
Neuralgia, female trouble, for years In the most terrible and excruciating manner.
No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I used Hop Bitters.
"The first bottle
Nearly cured me;
The second made me as well and strong as when a child,
"And I have been so to this day.",
My husband was an invalid for 20 years with a seri us
"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint,
"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians
"Incurable!"
Seven bottles of your Bitters cured him and I know of three
"Lives of eight persons".
In my neighborhood that have been saved by your Bitters,
And many more are using them with great benefit.
"They almost
Do miracles!" —*Mrs. E. D. Slack.*

How to Get Sick.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

L. J. DRIGGS

Having purchased the Seehler Mills (in the future to be known as the

EBENSBURG STEAM FLOURING MILLS,

And put it in good repair, is now prepared to grind all custom work

ON SHORT NOTICE.

Flour and Feed

Kept constantly on hand at the

LOWEST CASH PRICE.

☞ It will be a pleasure for us to wait on all who may favor us with their patronage.
Ebensburg, April 24, 1885.-tf.

E. L. JOHNSTON, M. J. BUCK, A. W. BUCK.

Johnston, Buck & Co.,

BANKERS,

Ebensburg, Pa.

Money Received on Deposit
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.
COLLECTIONS MADE
AT ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.
DRAFTS on the Principal Cities
Bought and Sold and a
General Banking Business Transacted.
ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

Ebensburg, April 4, 1884.-tf.

1794. 1883.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency

T. W. DICK,

General Insurance Agent,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Policies written at short notice in the

OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"

And other First Class Companies.

T. W. DICK,

AGENT FOR THE

OLD HARTFORD

FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.

COMMENCED BUSINESS
1794

Ebensburg, July 23, 1882.

LORETTO HOUSE,

(Formerly known as the Myers House)

LORETTO, CAMBRIA COUNTY, PA.

JOSEPH F. DURBIN, Proprietor.

☞ Sample Room for Salesmen and good stabling for horses. ☞ TERMS MODERATE.
Feb. 20,-3m.

THE CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN

Has attained a standard of excellence which admits of no superior.
It contains every improvement that inventive genius, skill and money can produce.

OUR AIM IS TO EXCEL.

EVERY ORGAN WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS

These excellent Organs are celebrated for volume, quality of tone, quick response, variety of combination, artistic design, beauty in finish, perfect construction, making them the most attractive, ornamental and desirable organs for homes, schools, churches, lodges, societies, etc.

ESTABLISHED REPUTATION,
UNEQUALED FACILIT

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - JUNE 5, 1885.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—For canned goods go to the Sugar Bowl.

—The season for snake stories is about at hand.

—For choice groceries go to the Sugar Bowl.

—Counterfeit silver dollars are becoming quite plenty.

—On Monday last the Court appointed David Hollis supervisor of White township.

—On Decoration Day Johnstown's street railway carried nearly ten thousand passengers.

—I have one Buckeye second hand reel and Carper mowing machine, which I will sell at a bargain. G. Huntley.

—Dr. J. B. Noonan, of St. Boniface, was in attendance at Court during the present week as a witness.

—Wanted—McDonald, at Lorette, wants 1,000 pounds of good clean wool, for which he will pay the highest price.

—Robert Lydick, a pauper 80 years of age, hanged himself with a towel in a room in one of the hotels in Indiana on Monday last.

—Now is the time to get a bargain. I have a few Chieftain Horse Rakes, which I wish to close out, only $20, will buy one at Geo. Huntley's.

—The borough authorities of Carrolltown intend erecting a building to be used as a council chamber and also for an engine house.

—A party of anglers from Luthersburg will spend part of this week fishing on the streams of Cambria county.—*Clearfield Republican.*

—You can buy a No. 1 Goshen pump, which is the best pump in the market for prices lower than the lowest. Call and price them all. Huntley's.

—A vergan grinder undertook to furnish music to the crowd in front of the court house on Wednesday last, but was silenced by order of the Court.

—Bargains in cultivators, shovel plows, etc. I will sell them at greatly reduced prices. Come quick and purchase before they are all gone, at G. Huntley's.

—Judge Barr, of Somerset, will be here on the 15th inst. to hear the motion for a new trial in the case of Kinports vs. Hipps & Lloyd.

—A festival for the benefit of the Presbyterian church, was held at Armory Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and was liberally patronized.

—Messrs. J. A. & T. B. O'Hara, of this place, sold a fine mare one day last week to Mr. Charles F. Ranstead, of Williamsport, the consideration money being $240.

—New stock of straw hats just received at the Golden Eagle, 1301 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, where they will be sold very low. H. MARCH.

—Mr. W. J. Bonner, Superintendent of the Somerset and Cambria railroad, spent a few hours in town on Saturday last among his numerous friends and acquaintances.

—Fifty light colored summer suits are offered at the Golden Eagle Clothing House, Eleventh avenue, Altoona, at half their cost. Call and see. H. MARCH, Prop.

—E. T. Dunkle will ship a car load of buggies to Johnstown in about ten days. Parties in that neighborhood desirous of purchasing a buggy will do well to call on him.

—George C. K. Zahm, Esq., has been seriously ill for some time, and grave fears were entertained for his recovery, but we are glad to state that his condition has somewhat improved.

—Never neglect a constipated condition of the bowels, or serious results surely follow, such as piles, impure blood and many chronic complaints. Burdock Blood Bitters is the remedy.

—We were mistaken last week in stating that there was no insurance on the steam mill of Mr. Caron Leahey, as we have since learned that Mr. Leahey had some insurance but have not learned the amount.

—F. Hager, Surgeon Dentist, of Johnstown, will be at the Mountain House on the second Friday and Saturday of each month, where he will be prepared to do all work pertaining to his profession. [a24-2m.

—Calsomine a superior wall finish. Better than all kalsomines or whitewash, is cheap and durable, will not crumble or peel off, and is good for inside or outside work. All shades at Dr. Zimmerman's drug store.

—Mr. J. C. Luke, Chairman of the Republican County Committee, has issued a call for the holding of their County Convention on Monday, the 22d inst. The election of delegates will take place on the Saturday previous.

—The following persons can each get a letter by calling at the Ebensburg postoffice: Miss Nancy J. Davis, Albert Evans, Miss Ella Evans, Miss Ellen Jones, Miss Rosey Jones, John H. Miller, John Mullen and Miss Mary E. Smith.

—Two little colored boys, aged two and four years respectively, are at the almshouse and the authorities of that institution would like to see them get good homes. If you have no children of your own it is a good chance to get one by adoption.

—Ed. S. Hoover, son of Mr. John D. Hoover, at one time a well-known citizen of this neighborhood, is on a visit to his native county. He left Pennsylvania about thirty years ago, and has been residing the most of the time since in Iowa.

—Mrs. McLaughlin, wife of Mr. Frank McLaughlin, who formerly kept a store in partnership with his brother, and went to Kansas five or six years ago, to Cresson, Rooks county, that State, died on the 21st of last month.

—John M. Boggs and wife, of Allegheny City, paid a visit to this place during the past week. Mrs. Boggs is a daughter of Evan R. Jones, a former well-known citizen of this town, and was married last week at the latter's residence in Allegheny, to which place she removed about two years ago.

—A gentleman in Belsano undertook to celebrate Memorial Day by shooting a dog. He was about as near shooting several others of them, among them his wife, as he did the dog, and the neighbors intend to take matters in their own hands the next time they see him with a gun.

—Donald, at Loretto, sells 20 yards calico for $1; 16 yards cotton dress goods, 25 yards muslin, $1; 12 yards best muslin, 12 yards best gingham, $1, 10 yards fine shirting, $1, and all other goods equally low prices for cash or good, marketable produce.

—Last Thursday afternoon of last week the train on the Ebensburg branch on its way to town was thrown off the track near the station, in consequence of a rail having spread. The passengers were delayed several hours, but as there was no person hurt the accident was not serious.

—Mr. R. Stalb, of Susquehanna township, passed through this place yesterday on his way from a rafting trip from Cherry-tree to Clock Haven. He was on a raft belonging to E. P. Baker, Esq., of the same place, and it and one other were the only ones from that neighborhood that succeeded in getting through on account of the flood.

—Harry Williams, son of Thomas J. Williams, of this place, and brother-in-law of the editor of this paper, has been lying at the point of death since Saturday last with typhoid fever, for his recovery. His brothers Albert and Edward, of Homestead, Allegheny county, were summoned to his bedside by telegraph and arrived here on Monday.

—The Blair county Republicans will hold their primary election on Saturday, June 20th, and will hold their convention on the Tuesday following, when they will nominate candidates for the offices of Prothonotary, Sheriff, Poor Director and Jury Commissioner. They have adopted the increased delegate system and abandoned the Crawford county system.

—There were more abandoned females in attendance at Court during the present week, than were ever known to be in the town at one time before. As none of the hotels would keep them, they were compelled to walk the streets during the night until picked up by the police, taken to jail, and in the morning were fined $2.50 a piece which they had to pay before getting out.

—On Friday last a Polish woman who was on her way from Houtzdale to Pittsburg, stopped off at Tyrone and hurriedly proceeded to a physicians office, where in a few minutes she gave birth to a child.—Things were made as comfortable as possible for the mother and child, and the next morning she walked to the station through a heavy rain and took the cars for Pittsburg.

—A Johnstown runner on Thursday of last week left a horse he had hired from the Messrs. O'Hara, of this place, hitched at the station at Cresson and took the train for Johnstown. In consequence of the accident on the branch that afternoon, the gentleman who went after the horse did not get there at the time expected and the horse finally scaring at the cars broke loose and ran away, badly wrecking the buggy.

—There is every indication that the coming summer season will find our town full of summer visitors, who will spend the summer here for the benefit of their health. Boarding house keepers and everybody else should remember that they can always find at John Owens' store on High Street, dry goods, dress goods, boots and shoes, groceries, provisions, and all kinds of canned goods, at the very lowest prices.

—Attention is called to the fact that Richard L. Davis' boot and shoe store in this place is stocked full of men's and boy's boots and shoes, ladies, misses and children's shoes of every description, all of the latest styles, and which he is selling at the lowest prices. Attention is called to the "Improved Bang up" shoe, a very fine dress shoe for gentlemen that he is selling at $2.50. Call and examine his stock and see for yourself what bargains he is offering.

—How young old people look who have never been seriously sick, and who never worry or fret. How old young people look who fret and stew and suffer pain all at once. But we can't altogether help our disposition, and we will sometimes get out of sorts in spite of all our caution. Then we need the best, the simplest and the safest medicine known, which is Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Purifies the blood and renews vitality in old and young.

—McDonald at Loretto sells 16 pounds light brown sugar for $1.00; 12 pounds white sugar, $1; 3 pounds good tea, $1; 10 pounds coffee, $1; 4 boxes essence coffee, 10c; 4 papers soda, 10c; 3 pounds prunes, 25c; 3 pounds rice, 25c; 4 pounds barley, 25c; 5 pounds oatmeal, 25c; 6 pounds hominy, 25c; 6 pieces soap, 25c; molasses, 33 cents per gallon; good syrup, 40 cents per gallon.—All other goods at equally low prices for cash or good marketable trade.

—Mr. David Trexler, a well known citizen of Gallitzin township, who had been attending Court as a Grand Juror was taken suddenly sick on Wednesday evening about five o'clock. He was helped to the office of Dr. Griffith where he remained until about nine o'clock, when a lounge was procured and he was carried to the Mountain House. Kidney disease is his ailment and yesterday morning he was resting somewhat easier and had improved somewhat from the night before.

—Two men with two of Johnstown's fair but frail ones, who were here in attendance at court, started on Tuesday night at about 10 o'clock to take a drive to Loretto, but when they had got as far as the east end of town a free fight was started inside of the carriage, when the driver jumped off, unhooked his team and rode back to town, leaving the quartette fighting like Kilkenny cats. Whether they fought until there was nothing left or not, the driver cannot say, as when he went back for the carriage they were gone.

—We learn from the Johnstown *Tribune* of Wednesday last that on the previous day, Mr. James Furlong, a well known conductor on the Pennsylvania railroad, who resides at East Conemaugh, in the immediate vicinity of the residence of Mrs. Oatman, widow of the late George W. Oatman, Esq., of this place, made information before Justice Strayer, of Johnstown, charging Mrs. O. with having thrown water on one of his children, with making threats of a serious nature against members of his family, and also that Mrs. Oatman and her daughter have endeavored to cause trouble between him and his wife by circulating false, scandalous and defamatory reports concerning him. A warrant was issued for Mrs. Oatman's arrest, and the *Tribune* says the hearing of the case will attract a great deal of attention, owing to the prominence of the parties involved in the difficulty.

How Decoration Day Was Observed.

Decoration Day at this place passed off without any special ceremonies. The graves of the deceased soldiers in the different cemeteries in this neighborhood were decorated with flowers by the committee appointed for that purpose. The 10 o'clock train unexpectedly brought St. Patrick's Cornet Band, of Gallitzin, who came up for the purpose of decorating the grave of the late Father Christy, which they proceeded to do immediately after their arrival; and also placed a boquet on the grave of the late F. P. Tierney, Esq. The band remained in town all day, taking their departure in the evening on a special train, at half-past seven. While here they kept the place enlivened, and serenaded quite a number of our prominent citizens. They are remarkably good performers and were liberal with their music, as during their short stay in the town they played about fifty pieces. The FREEMAN office came in for a serenade, but as we were out at the time, we take this opportunity of returning them our thanks.

Decoration Day at St. Augustine.

The beautiful and interesting ceremony of decorating the graves of our dead soldiers, which has become a national custom, was observed for the first time in this place on Saturday, the 30th ult. At 2 o'clock, P. M., of said day a platoon of veterans of this vicinity formed in line in the village and, preceded by a section of the Adjt. J. C. Noon Post, G. A. R., marched to the cemetery where we decorated with flags and flowers the graves of sixteen or eighteen of our gallant soldiers. After a few appropriate remarks by a comrade, we broke ranks and returned to our homes, deeply impressed with the fact that a quarter of a century has rolled around since the stormy scenes of the great rebellion in which so many brave men lost their lives, were enacted, reminding us that time in its perennial journey is bearing us nearer the final camping ground, where so many of our beloved comrades have already gone. In the evening a committee was appointed to make arrangements to secure proper headstones to be placed over the remains of some of the soldiers whose graves are now without any mark to designate who lies in the unmarked and almost unknown graves. I remain yours, T.

A Remarkable Escape.

Mrs. Mary A. Dailey, of Tunkhannock, Pa., was afflicted for six years with asthma and bronchitis, during which time the best physicians could give no relief. Her life was despaired of, until in last October she procured a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, when immediate relief was felt, and by continuing its use for a short time she was completely cured, gaining in flesh 50 lbs in a few months.

Free trial bottles of this certain cure of all throat and lung diseases at E. James' Corner Drug Store. Large Bottles $1.00.

THREE WEEKS DOWN SOUTH.

"Traveler" Describes the Wonderful Mammoth Cave.

The opening to the Cave is northward.—The descent is difficult, the pathway being narrow and somewhat dangerous. Besides Mr. Klett, the agent of the proprietors, there were several guides—but two principal ones, both intelligent colored men. One of them was supplied with fuses that cast a brilliant light on each apartment as we entered;—and made a short speech descriptive of the place.

But our especial escort was William Garvin, a middle aged, well informed negro who has been a servitor there more than a score of years. He explained every thing to us as we accompanied him—and we found him to be very intelligent. He had the manners of a sage and the simplicity of a child.

The descent was some fifty feet; the atmospheres a little cooler than above ground, but decidedly pleasant. At some twenty feet distance we came to an iron gate which was locked to prevent trespassing. Here we entered the Rotunda.

I had expected the inside of the cave to be moist and clammy—but it was dry and salubrious. True, a small rivulet trickled down at the entrance and disappeared among the rocks; and a little chrystal spring called "Wandering Willie's Spring," appears and disappears in one of the apartments, yet the pathway on which you tread is dry and firm, and there appear no exhalations or dampness from the walls or ceiling. This is true of every part of the cave I visited.

The Rotunda is a spacious hall its ceiling apparently some fifty feet high, and some 200 feet in diameter. In casting your eyes around it, it is difficult to imagine it purely a work of nature. Here all extra clothing and incumbrances are deposited before entering the inner chambers.

Strange as it may seem every thing seems exhilarating and pleasant. There is nothing cheerless or sombre, and the guide retails his nightly jocular incidents with his descriptions like a well trained clown in a circus.

The main body of our party took a detour into what is now called the "Bridal Chamber." While they were gone, William Garvin gave us a full history of that apartment. It had been the scene of four weddings. In one the bride had vowed never to marry a man on the face of the earth. She avoided the *letter* of her vow by marrying here. Another marriage was fixed here—but the groom *cooled* before the ceremony was performed.

After the Bridal Chamber party had rejoined us we reached the "Kentucky Cliffs," and here had a view of the entrance to the "Corkscrew," a tortuous passage way of some three-quarters of a mile which I was unable to traverse.

We next found ourselves in the "Methodist Church" where a juttering, pulpit-shaped rock, and other surroundings made the name a very apt one.

Passing a short distance we enter the "Gothic Avenue" which in a zigzag course leads to "Napoleon's Dome." In this avenue we pass the "Seat of the Mummy," "Register Hall," "Gothic Chapel," "The Arm Chair," "Lover's Leap," and "Elbow Crevice." This outside of the main avenue.

Retracing our steps to the cave proper we passed on to the "Standing Rocks," "Grand Arch" and "Giant's Coffin." The last of these is an immense rock, 40 feet long, 20 feet wide and 8 feet deep. Its resemblance to a huge coffin is well nigh perfect.

Beyond this we find ourselves in the "Star Chamber." This in its proportion as well as its appearance, excelled in grandeur any thing we had seen. I may say that in this and other portions of the cave it is quite impossible to do justice in description. To realize the beauties and wonders of these subterranean caverns it is necessary to visit them.

And here ended our visit. Though little more than a mile from the entrance, my companion and myself turned reluctantly to retrace our steps and, with the aid of William Garvin soon found ourselves above ground.

We had been three hours underground, and had not seen one-twentieth of the wonders of this remarkable cave. I have only spoken of what I saw. The reader will find a brief description of the Mammoth Cave in Appleton's Cyclopedia;—and a more extended one in Collins' Kentucky. But the best descriptive powers fail to convey to the mind any thing approaching the reality.—When I state that the cave itself is nearly two miles in length, and that a distance of some two hundred miles would be traveled to reach all its recesses, an idea may be formed of its extent.

In every portion of the cave myriads upon myriads of bats were clustered upon the walls, like bees when swarming, and our entrance caused a continued commotion among them. This caused the only disagreeable sensation we experienced. In places the whole walls were black with them.

During the war with Great Britain,—1812-15—the cave had been utilized for the manufacture of salt petre; and the water pipes and vats still remained partially preserved. Oxen and sleds had been used and "*Peter dirt*" was obtained in large quantities. It struck us as almost impossible that oxen could have been introduced into the cave, but their tracks were there still, and evidence of their being hitched and fed was plainly visible.

The title to this wonderful curiosity is held by the heirs of Gen. George Croghan, the hero of Fort Stephenson; having been acquired by his father some time after the Revolutionary war.

As to the fabled Styx and the Echo rivers—the blind fish, and numberless wonderful sights, are they not written in the guide books—I only write of what I saw. At 8 a. m. we left the hotel, and before 12 we were on the cars traveling some 30 miles an hour.

TRAVELER.

Murder in Huntingdon County.

Another murder was committed in Huntingdon county, in the village of Warriorsmark, on Thursday evening of last week. At about 10 o'clock at night, as John Burket, a farmer residing in the neighborhood, was returning to his home he found the body of a man, which afterwards proved to be John Irvin, lying lifeless on the roadside. He at once summoned some of the neighbors, and an examination of the body was made, when it was found that his head was crushed in from the front, his brains were oozing out, the nose was smashed, the jaws broken, and the throat cut from ear to ear. He had been last seen in company with a man named Jack Laporte, who on Friday afternoon surrendered himself to the authorities. The belief is general that the crime is the result of a quarrel, as Laporte's face and body shows evidence of a fight. Irvin was about 28 years of age, unmarried, and was the only support of a widowed mother. Laporte is about 25 years of age, unmarried, and is the son of Associate Judge Laporte, or Huntingdon county.

Cresson and Coalport Railroad.

The engineers of the Cresson and Coalport railroad have been at work on their line in the vicinity of Cresson with a view of changing the location of the terminus which had been located south of Cresson.—It is their present intention to make the connection with the Pennsylvania railroad near the burnt mill in close proximity to the Y of the Ebensburg & Cresson branch, if it can be done successfully.

About three hundred laborers, mostly Hungarians, are at work on the railroad in the vicinity of Ashland.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.

On Monday at 2 o'clock, P. M., Court met with Hon. R. L. Johnston, President Judge, and Associate Judges John Flanagan and Joseph Masters on the bench.

John A. Kennedy, Esq., of Ebensburg, was appointed foreman of the Grand jury, and Thomas M. Reese was appointed constable to attend upon the same.

Josiah Waters and James Myers were appointed constables to attend upon the Traverse jurors.

The case of the Commonwealth vs. Thomas Kirchner, fornix et cet. was continued.

Nolle prosequies were entered in the following cases:

Commonwealth vs. David M. Lewis, fornix et cet.

Commonwealth vs. Milton Funk, fornix et cet.

Commonwealth vs. M. B. Cooper, fornix et cet.

Commonwealth vs. Nicholas Andrews, ornix ex cet.

All on payment of costs by the defendants.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs. Wm. H. Swartz, larceny, a *nolle pros.* was entered, the costs to be paid by the county.

In the case of Conemaugh borough vs. E. P. Hays, the defendant asked leave to withdraw his appeal. Granted on payment of costs.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs. Jas. P. Anderson and A. L. Gibson, charged with violating the rules of a railroad company, a *nolle pros.* was entered on payment of costs by the defendats.

This case grew out of the accident near South Fork, some months ago, by which two drovers were killed.

In the surety-of-the-peace case against Patrick Male, in which his wife was the prosecutrix, he was ordered to pay the costs and to enter into his own recognizance in the sum of $50 for his good behavior.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs. Geo. Harshberger, the Grand Jury found "not a true bill," and divided the cost between the defendant and the prosecutor, Thomas Haycock.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs. David Berkeybile, for not posting notices in his boarding house, the Grand Jury ignored the bill, and David Kuntz, the prosecutor was sentenced to pay the costs.

In the case of Commonwealth vs. Robert Graham, adultery, the Grand Jury ignored the bill, and Mrs. Elizabeth Wentz, the prosecutrix, was called upon to pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. J. W. Chambers, Sarah Trump, Gertie Withback and Elizabeth Moore, larceny. Jury find defendants not guilty.

Commonwealth vs. William Patterson, selling liquor on Sunday. Defendant pleads guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine of $200 and costs, and it is further ordered by the Court that the license of the said Wm. Patterson be revoked from this date.

Commonwealth vs. Birdie Patterson, selling liquor on Sunday. *Nolle pros.* entered by District Attorney.

Commonwealth vs. G. R. Ritchie, assault and battery. Jury find the defendant not guilty, and that the prosecutor, Jacob Treft, pay the costs, who was sentenced accordingly.

Commonwealth vs. Bernard Moek, fornication and bastardy. A true bill. Defendant not taken.

Commonwealth vs. Lottie Strickler, keeping a disorderly house. Jury find defendant guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine of $50 and and costs of prosecution, and undergo an imprisonment in the county jail for three months.

Commonwealth vs. Charles Dishart and Augustine Yost, larceny. Jury find defendant Augustine Yost guilty, and Chas. Dishart not guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine of $10 and costs of prosecution, and undergo imprisonment in the county jail for two months.

Commonwealth vs. John Dishong, Fornix et cet. Jury find defendant guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine of $1, costs of prosecution, $30 lyine in expenses, and $1 per week for seven weeks, to be paid quarterly.

Commonwealth vs. George McCall, Joseph Piper and George Piper, larceny. Defendants plead guilty. Sentenced to pay jointly a fine $10 and costs of prosecution, and undergo imprisonment in the county jail for a term of thirty days.

Commonwealth vs. Wm. Smith, John Stanley and Demetrius Barke, riot. Not taken.

Commonwealth vs. James Dillon, Frank Waters, James O'Brien, John Finn and William Egan, malicious mischief. Jury found defendants not guilty and that the county pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. John Kutruff, assault and battery. Defendant pleads guilty, and is sentenced to pay a fine of $20, costs of prosecution and undergo an imprisonment for five days.

Commonwealth vs. Elias Edwards, mayhem on application of District Attorney. *Nolle pros.* entered on payment of costs by defendant.

Commonwealth vs. Charles Diable, assault and battery. On motion of District Attorney *nolle pros.* entered on payment of costs by the defendant.

Commonwealth vs. George D. Pringle, larceny. Not a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. Emma B. Kelly, larceny. Not a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. Charles Rhody, Frank Swan and John Swan, assault and battery. Not a true bill and that the prosecutor, John Kutruff, pay the costs. Sentenced accordingly.

Commonwealth vs. John Kutruff, assault. Not a true bill and that John Swan, the prosecutor, pay the costs. Sentenced accordingly.

Commonwealth vs. Ephraim Goughnour, obtaining goods under false pretense. V. D. Judson prosecutor. Jury find defendant not guilty, and that prosecutor pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. Stephen Kelly, keeping a bawdy house. Jury find defendant guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine of $30 and costs, and undergo an imprisonment in the county jail for three months.

Commonwealth vs. Augustine Yost, Jr., forgery. Jury find defendant Guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine of $1 and costs, and undergo imprisonment in the county jail for thirty days.

Commonwealth vs. Andrew Greenwood and John Swartzman, larceny. Jury find defendants guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine of $10 each to Commonwealth for use of county, and costs of prosecution; and to each undergo an imprisonment at hard labor in the Western Penitentiary, at the county of Allegheny, for one year.

Commonwealth vs. Andrew Mulherron, embezzlement, thirteen cases, all continued on application of defendant.

Commonwealth vs. William F. Cook, continued on application of Commonwealth.

Commonwealth vs. William Burke and Henry Ross, assault and battery. A true bill as to William Burke. Defendant pleads guilty, three cases. Sentenced to pay a fine of $10 and costs of prosecution and undergo 10 days in county jail in each case.

Commonw'th vs. George Swartzman, escape, defendant pleads guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine of $5 and costs of prosecution and undergo imprisonment in county jail for three months.

Commonwealth vs. James Smith, Thomas Mulligan, Thomas Fitzpatrick and William Coehran. Continued.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c. per box. For sale by E. James

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

The following transfers of real estate were filed in the Recorder's office, this place, for the two weeks ending June 3, 1885:

Ethelinda and Patrick Graham to Henry D. Miller, lot in Johnstown borough; consideration, $300.

Johanna Schricker to Lorenzo Schrickers heirs, 2 300 acres in Dean and Clearfield townships; consideration, $1.

Nicholas Wyland to James Holt & Bros., 98 acres and 19 perches in Chest township; consideration, $800.

Mary C. Bassokiemirer to John Bowden, lot in Johnstown borough; consideration, $500.

John Westover to Susquehanna school district, lot in Susquehanna township; consideration, $30.

Scott Dibert to John Plater, lot in Johnstown borough; consideration, $200.

Scott Dibert to Moses Gray, lot in Johnstown borough; consideration, $200.

I. E. Chandler to Henry Anderson, lot in Lower Yoder township; consideration, $40

I. E. Chandler to Henry Anderson, lot in Lower Yoder township; consideration, $50.

Leonard Hillis et ux. to John Krouse, lot in Chest Springs; consideration, $200.

David Watts et ux. to Josiah Lingenfelter et al., lot in Gallitzin borough; consideration, $1

John H. Douglass to Silas M. Douglass, 75 acres in Clearfield township; consideration, $1

Jacob Albrecht et ux. to Mrs. Mary M. Slater, lot in Stonycreek township; consideration, $225.

Lawrence Wieland et ux. et al. to Ignatius Gress, 99 acres and 14 perches in Barr township; consideration, $487 50.

Joseph Baumgartner to Henry Hochstotler, 5 acres and 153 perches in Richland township; consideration, $239 72.

John A. Kennedy to Thomas H. Heist, 7 acres in Cambria township; consideration, $425.

Assignee of Charles Johnston to J. M. Thompson, lot in Washington township; consideration, $47.

J. M. Thompson to Wm. Linton, lot in Washington township; consideration $60.

James Dennison to William Linton, lot in Washington twp.; consideration, $287.82.

John Manion to Alex. and Andrew Long, 97 acres and 39 perches in Susquehanna township; consideration, 2,600.

Francis Devlin to Henry Grove, 107 acres and 93 perches in Jackson township; consideration, $1,100.

Ann L. Evans to John E. Scanlan, Guardian for ¾ interest in 30 acres in Cambria township; consideration, $1.

Joseph Hogue to Christina Eckenrode, 10 acres and 156 perches in Allegheny township; consideration, $200.

Christina Eckenrode to Mother M. De Sales, 10 acres and 156 perches in Allegheny township; consideration, $400.

Sisters of Mercy, Allegheny county, to Sisters of Mercy, Cambria county, land in Allegheny township; consideration, $1.

Charles Von Luenen to Joseph Freidhoff, lot in Johnstown borough; consideration, $4,300.

Clarence L. McClelland to Charles Schmitberger, lot in Johnstown borough; consideration, $1,050.

Cambria Iron Company to Mrs. Jane Cox, lot in Conemaugh borough; consideration, $50

Thomas Edwards et ux. to W. F. Mayer, lot in Johnstown borough; consideration, $1,500.

Jacob Horner's heirs to W. F. Mayer, lot in Sandyvale Cemetery; consideration, $15.

Wm. P. Walker to Joseph G. Hollen, 70 acres and 82 perches in White township; consideration, $700.

Hedwig Moschgat to Reinhart Wagner, 1 acre in Richland township; consideration, $340.

Cambria Iron Company to John Eckler, 25 acres and 79 perches in Taylor township; consideration, $153 50.

P. J. Parrish to Joseph Egar, lot in Gallitzin borough; consideration, $675.

Wm. Fleck et ux. to John P. Bowers, lot in Lower Yoder township; consideration, $150.

John Wertz to Joseph Sloan, lot in Grubbtown; consideration, $920.

George Myers to John Rorabaugh, quit claim to 109 acres in Croyle township; consideration, $500.

Samuel Kring to Mary Strayer, lot in Stonycreek township; consideration, $1,000.

Philip Edmiston to Margaret Garman, lot in Reade township; consideration, $75.

John C. Lardin to Daniel B. Parker, lot in Coopersdale borough; consideration, $1,200.

Henry Yeagley's Attorney to Mary Stegmann, lot in Johnstown borough; consideration, $175.

David McConaughy to George Smith, Jr., lot in Cambria borough; consideration, $212.

Adam Rudolph to Joseph A. McMullen, 10 acres and 20 perches in Allegheny township; consideration, $1,100.

Jacob Jacony to Jeb Morgan, lot in Stonycreek township; consideration, $361.

Beam Sanders to Charles S. Sanders, for lot in Gallitzin borough, consideration $100.

Charles S. Sanders to F. J. Christy for lot in Gallitzin borough, consideration $720.

Jacob M. Hess to Hannah Hess for lot in Coopersdale borough; consideration, $5.

Christian Ream to Eve Thomas for lot in Upper Yoder township; consideration, $85.

George A. Hager to William Mette for lot in Lower, Yoder township; consideration, $625.

George A. Hager to William Mette for lot in Johnstown borough; consideration, $640.

Louis Newhouse to Margaret Garman for lot in Reade township; consideration, $50.

Valentine Lauffer to Margaret Gleason for ... acres in Portage township; consideration, $1,100

William George to John Eckenrode for 12 acres and 120 perches in Washington township; consideration, $152 40.

G. W. Schmidt et el. to William E. McMullollen et al. for lot in Portage township; consideration, $800.

Michael McGuire to Fred. Hofecker, six acres and 47 perches in Richland township; consideration, $1,800.

David McConaughy to Peter Toner, lot in Cambria borough; consideration, $400.

David McConaughy to Thomss Sweeny, lot in Cambria borough; consideration, $400.

Deed Acknowledgements.

D. A. Luther, Sheriff of Cambria county, acknowledged the following deeds on Wednesday:

Deed to Henry Richards for lot in Morrellville; sold as the property of James C. Berkey for $925.

Deed to Chas. F. Sheriff agent, for steam saw mill in White township; sold as the property of J. H. Swan & Co. for the sum of $150.

Deed to Edward Bishop for lot in Lower Yoder township; sold as the property of Edwin Bishop for $460.

Deed to I. N. Wissinger for 180 acres in Blacklick township; sold as the property of Mary Ross for the sum of $900.

Deed to Commissioners of Blair county for 1¼ acres in Gallitzin township; sold as the property of George Ankenbauer for the sum of $15.

Deed to John Fischer for 20 acres in Conemaugh township; sold as the property of Joseph Hegels for the sum of $1,000.

Deed to Henry Richards for 53 acres in Lower Yoder township; sold as the property of James C. Berkey for the sum of $625.

FITS.—All fits stopped free of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia Pa.

HYMENEAL.

COX—FOX.—Married, in Dean township, on Thursday, May 28, 1885, by W. G. Krise, Esq., Mr. Benjamin F. Cox and Miss Mary Ellen Fox, both of Baker's Mines.

FOX—KEITH.—Married, in Dean township, on Thursday, May 28, 1885, by W. G. Krise, Esq., Mr. Andrew A. Fox and Miss Annie M. Keith, both of Baker's Mines.

ADAMS—RYAN.—Married, at the Catholic church at St. Augustine, on Tuesday, May 26, 1885, Mr. Peter Adams to Mrs. Alice Ryan, both of Clearfield township.

OBITUARY.

LILLY.—Died, at the residence of her husband, Mr. Thomas Lilly, in Clearfield township, on Wednesday, May 27, 1885, Mrs. Elizabeth Lilly, aged about 40 years.

DAVIS.—Died, at her residence in Ebensburg, on Thursday, June 4, 1885, Mrs. Ann Davis, aged 83 years.

THE MARKETS.

EBENSBURG, June 4 1885.

Flour, choice family	$5 00@6 40
Wheat, white	1 00
Rye	75
Corn	70
Oats	50
Clover seed	7 00
Timothy seed	2 50
Flax seed	1 50
Beans	2 00
Potatoes	50
Butter, lb	15
Lard, lb	12
Eggs, per doz	12
Onions, per bu	50
Hay, per ton	12 00

PITTSBURG MARKETS.

WEDNESDAY, June 3, 1885.

POTATOES—Irish, 60@70c per bushel; on track 85@50c. Jersey Nevers, $2 50 @ bbl.

POULTRY—Live chickens, 65@70c per pair; live turkeys, 11@12c per pound, live geese, 75c@$1 00 per pair. Dressed—Chickens, 16@17c per pound; turkeys, 17@18c; geese, 10@12.

RAGS—1¾@2c for country mixed cotton; 3@3¼ for all wool.

SEEDS—Small clover seed $3 75@6 00; large, 6 25@6 50; timothy seed, 1 80@1 85; orchard grass, 1 60; blue grass, 1 60@1 50.

EGGS—Fresh Pennsylvania and Ohio eggs, @12 15c per dozen.

APPLES—2 25@2 50 per bbl for common to fair and 2 75@3 00 for prime to choice.

BUTTER—Fancy creamery, 28@—c; do other brands, 25@27c; choice creamery, 24@25c; choice dairy, 22@24c; choice country, 20@ 2—; common grades, 16@ 2—; low grades, 14@—.

MILL FEED—Bran, 17 50@18 00; middlings, $17 @18 00 for brown and 20 00@19 00 for white; chopped feed, 18 00@20 00; chopped corn, 18 00@19 00.

HAY—No 1 timothy baled, $18@18 50 for tight; 17 50@18 00 for loose pressed; from country wagons, 17 00@20 00; No. 1 prairie hay, $ 50@9 50; upland, 12 50@12 00.

GRAIN—Wheat, 1 08@1 10 per bushel; corn, 58@59; oats 42@43c; rye, 80@82.

FLOUR—$5 00@5 75 per bbl., according to quality.

ONIONS—$1 00@1 50 per barrel.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 11@12½c; bacon, 9c; shoulders, 6½c.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR SHERIFF.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the Democratic nomination of Sheriff subject to the decision of the Democratic primary elections.

JOSEPH A. GRAY.

Carrolltown, May 6, 1885.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

(From the Indianapolis Times.)

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

From Mr. Harry W. Olmstead, Proofreader of "The Times"

The following letter is encouraging and worthy of careful perusal, coming, as it does, from so reliable a source, unsolicited. It contains facts of great value:

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 12, 1884.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY, *Rondout, N. Y.*

DEAR SIR:—For ten years I have been a sufferer from disease of the kidneys, at times so much so as to make life a burden. During this time several of the best physicians in Indiana have treated me with little or no success, until I had almost despaired of relief. I then tried several advertised remedies, but nothing produced the desired result until a friend who had been relieved induced me to give DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY a trial. I did so. After taking one bottle I began to experience relief. I took another and was charmed with the result.—In all, I have taken four bottles, and can truly say I feel like a new man. I am confident I am entirely cured, as it has been several months since I took the last medicine, and there is no indication of a return of the disease. I have recommended your remedy to several suffering friends who have also been relieved. I write this to return my sincere thanks to you for the cure which has been effected in my case, and als desire to say I think suffering humanity owes you a debt of gratitude for your wonderful scientific discovery. I shall do all that in me lies to let all sufferers know where they may find relief, and thereby in some measure remunerate you for the good you have done me.

Wishing you long life and prosperity, and also thanking you for prolonging my life, I am

HARRY W. OLMSTEAD.

Dr. Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., assures the public, by a reputation which he cannot afford to forfeit or imperil, that the "Favorite Remedy" does invigorate the blood, cures liver, kidney and bladder complaints, as well as those diseases and weaknes-es peculiar to females.—Your druggist has it; if not, send One Dollar to Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE

BY virtue of an order issuing out of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to me directed, I will expose at public sale on the premises in Gallitzin borough, on

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1885,

At two o'clock, p. m., the following described real estate, to wit: A certain piece or lot of ground situate in the borough of Gallitzin, Cambria county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, viz: Fronting seventy one feet on Main street, having lot of Charles Selbits on the west, an alley at the back, lot of T. S. Troxell, M. D., on the south; reserving from said described lot of ground a portion thereof twenty five feet in width and running back among lot of Charles Selbitz ninety feet to an alley, having a stable thereon erected. The part of said lot to be sold having a large

2-Story Frame DWELLING HOUSE

and outbuildings, all in good repair, thereon erected. The house is large and commodious, having thirteen rooms, and is very suitable for a boarding house or for offices.

TERMS OF SALE.—One third of the purchase money to be paid at the confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments with interest, to be secured by jud

FARM NOTES.

PROTECTING MANURES.

There is some difference of opinion as to protecting manures against rain, wind, and the exhausting effect of the sun. Doubtless all these have an injurious effect upon the manure heap, and it is certainly true that without any moisture at all from rain, it will not be improved. However this may be, we are very certain that unlimited exposure to the weather will prove highly injurious to the quality of the manure. A leading farmer told us some time ago that he regarded the complete exposure of a manure heap through the winter and until it can be used in the spring, to damage it fifty per cent. In other words, one load of well protected manure is worth two of the exposed. This seems almost incredible, but it may not be far from the truth.

There is no question that a subject which so vitally concerns the farmer as this one of manure, and causes him to give so much attention to it, possesses great merit. His straw is not to be sold because it is to be converted into manure. Stock is fed through the winter for the express purpose of accumulating manure. Articles that scarcely pay to send to the city are nevertheless hauled there, in order that manure may be brought back as a return load; and yet the whole of the manure gathered is frequently all the season exposed to the sun, wind and rain until it is greatly diminished in value—one-half, according to the opinion of our agricultural informant. The trouble is that few really believe that exposed manure undergoes this serious loss. Hence in arranging farm buildings—and we know that many are so arranged—that it will pay almost as well to look to the preservation of the manure as of hay or grass. And those whose barns have no provision for this purpose, can not spend 25 or 50 dollars better than putting a up shed under which the manure heap may be protected against these adverse influences.

IMPORTANCE OF SALT.

Salt is necessary to the health of all vegetable eating animals. Those living exclusively on flesh get the saline matters contained therein, and consequently do not need salt. Scientific investigations have proved that a portion of the blood consists of common salt.—This is continually evolved by the kidneys and pores of the skin. The bile and cartilages of the body contain soda, one of the constituents of salt. If the supply is cut off digestion can not be properly carried on, and the animal suffers. Farm animals should always have a supply of this necessary mineral, that they may take it at will, in which case they will not eat more than they naturally require. This is the season of the year when the stock is in the pastures, and, as the grass is fresh, salt is perhaps relished by them more than at most any other season of the year.

HORSES.

The welfare of the farmer requires a horse equally adapted to the farm and road. He wants horses of more strength and better qualities than he now has. The perfect horse for the farm and road is one possessing those combined qualities that render him valuable for whatever duties he is required to perform, whether in the field or on the road; and this horse is the one that is docile, of good temper, quick and easily managed, with steady nerve, added to strength and endurance. Good-natured, docile animals are always the best workers; the fractious horse worries himself more under restraint or guidance, and is more apt to be abused by his driver, and consequently cannot thrive as well. Let the farmers get sound, good-blood colts and make them by training just what they want, for no animal is more susceptible to teaching than a horse, and none more ready to respond to kindness by willing, obedient service. The colt is not naturally ill tempered, and if it becomes so, blame is due to some one who has handled it. Rapid walking increases greatly the value of farm horses, and this is largely the result of training. So long have our farmers been negligent and careless in the cultivation of those qualities they most need in the horse for farm and road, that they must be educated up to their own best interests before we shall attain excellence in this direction.

COLTS.

An old stock breeder tells us that those who raise colts usually exercise care in the selection of good stock to breed from; but a great many neglect to give the colts proper attention during hot weather, while they are running with dams. It is not uncommon to see those that were healthy and well developed in early summer, looking puny and poor, and their hair falling off, before autumn. The trouble arises from allowing the colt to draw milk while the blood of the mare is in a high state of heat from violent exertion.

When the dam is used in hot weather upon the farm or road, so as to heat her blood, the colt should never be allowed to suck until she is fully cooled off. Let him fill himself before the mother is put in the hatness, and if it is important that he should accompany the dam, tie him at her side so that he will be unable to draw milk until he is liberated; for it is much better that he should go hungry a few hours than to take his food when it is in a fevered state.

If the mare is to make a long distance on a hot day, and return at night, it is best to leave the colt at home, and draw the milk from the udder by hand once or twice during the day and upon returning, then allow the colt to fill himself gradually as the milk is secreted.

Colts injured by heated milk seldom recover from it for a year or two, and many times never. They become reduced in flesh, get lousy in the fall, and during the first winter of their existence when they need health and strength—as, under any circumstances, this is the most critical period of their growth—they have just life enough to move, and the second summer, the proper time for development, is spent in the recuperation of lost vitality.—*Tribune and Farmer.*

To encourage sleep, create an appetite, brace up the system, and to purify the blood take the unfailing Hunt's (Liver and Kidney) Remedy.

Words of Warning and Comfort.

'If you are suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness take cheer
'If you are simply ailing, or if you feel
'weak and dispirited,
'without clearly knowing why, Hop Bitters
'will surely cure you.

If you are a minister, and have overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties, or a mother, worn out with care and work, or a man of business or labor, weakened by the strain of your everyday duties, or a man of letters toiling over your midnight work, Hop Bitters will most surely strengthen you

If you are suffering from over-eating or drinking, any discretion or dissipation, or are young and growing too fast, as is often the case,

'Or if you are in the workshop, on the
'farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel
'that your system needs cleansing, toning, or stimulating, without intoxicating, if you are old,
'blood thin and impure, pulse
'feeble, nerves unsteady, faculties
'waning, Hop Bitters is what you need to 'give you new life, health, and vigor."

If you are costive or dyspeptic or suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill. If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease stop tempting death this moment, and turn for a—cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in Hop Bitters.

—If you are a frequenter, or a resident of,
—A miasmatic district, barricade your system
—tem against the scourge of all countries
—Malaria, Epidemic, Bilious and Intermittent Fevers by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, the sweetest breath and health. $5.00 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

A Lady's Wish.

'Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours,' said a lady to her friend. 'You can easily make it so,' answered the friend.—'How?' inquired the first lady.

'By using Hop Bitters that makes pure rich, blood and blooming health. It did for me as you observe.'

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

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All parties trusting me with work will be honor ably dealt with. All work warranted.
D. M. CHUTE.
Ebensburg, October 24, 1884.

ALL FOR NOTHING.
WHY THE DOCTOR WAS DISGUSTED, AND WHAT MIGHT HAVE DONE WITHOUT HIM.

"Well, wife," said Dr. E——, as he entered his house, which was situated in a cosy village in central New York, "I have got back from a long and dreary ride away down among the mountains, and all to no purpose whatever. The messenger said the man wouldn't live till morning, when the fact is he had only an ordinary attack of colic. If the simpletons had only had sense enough to put a BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER on his stomach he would have been all right in an hour or two. But some folks are slow to learn," added the old physician, swallowing the cup of steaming tea his wife had just poured for him.

Dr. E—— was right; yet people do learn, even though slowly. The rapidly increasing sale of Benson's plaster proves this beyond question, and the good doctors are certain to be saved much of their needless toil. To all diseases capable of being affected by a plaster Benson's acts efficiently and at once. The genuine have the word CAPCINE cut in the centre. Price 25 cents.
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For all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. *Only cure Epilepsy (Fits), Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Debility, &c.* INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. *No Fits after first day's use.* Treatise and $1 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send name, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists. *BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.*

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Here is Solid A 1 TESTIMONY from Hard Working Men.

Machinist and Builder.

"I have been troubled years with kidney and bladder difficulty. After using four bottles of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY I have been completely cured."—William C. Clark, Mason and Builder, Auburn, N. Y.

* * * "Health is better than wealth." * * *

Machinist.

Mr. George Karg, Machinist, 1138 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., says:—"My disease started when I was quite a young lad by having weak kidneys. I have used just six bottles of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY, and I solemnly proclaim, 'I feel like a new man.'"

* * * "Good counsel has no price, obey it." * * *

Mechanic.

Mr. Henry Williams, Mechanic, East Bridgeport, Conn., says:—"About two months ago I caught a heavy cold, which settled in my kidneys. I got a bottle of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY and with the first dose began to get well."

* * * "Light suppers makes long lives." * * *

Railroad Man.

Frank B. Lee, office N. Y. C. & H. R. R. Little Falls, N. Y., June 8, 1883, says: "My father, 62 years old, had severe kidney and bladder disease for 20 years, urination causing acute pain. The weakness was so great he was obliged to wear a rubber bag. Twelve bottles of HUNT'S Kidney REMEDY completely cured him, and we consider it remarkable. We cheerfully recommend it."

* * * "Deeds are better than words." * * *

HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has stood the test of time. It has been before the public for twenty years, and has cured every year thousands of people suffering from various diseases of the Kidneys and Liver, and kindred disorders, who had failed to get relief from doctors and who expected never to be cured. Thousands of testimonials from such persons attest its value. Send for book.

* * * "Alls well that ends well." * * *

Sold by all druggists. Price $1.25. 9
HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I.
C. N. CRITTENTON, General Agent, N. Y.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER

Are you failing, try WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER, a pure, clean, wholesome
TONIC,
For Brain, Nerves, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Lungs. An Unequaled Invigorant. Cures
DYSPEPSIA,
Headache, Fever, Ague, Chills,
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Nice to take, true merit, unequaled for TORPID LIVER and Night Sweats, Nervous Weakness, Malaria, Leanness, Sexual Decline. $1.00 per bottle, at Druggists. Prepared by E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J., U. S. A.

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Remarkable Cures of Catarrh of the Bladder, Inflammation, Irritation of Kidneys and Bladder, or Gravel Diseases of the Prostate Gland, Dropsical Swellings, Female Diseases, Incontinence of Urine, all Diseases of the Genito-Urinary Organs in either sex. For Unhealthy or Unnatural Discharges use also "Chapin's Injection Fleur," each $1.
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Peruna is composed wholly of numerous vegetable ingredients, each one of which is acknowledged by the medical profession to be a reliable specific. All the herbal remedies known to medical science, it cures without failure in every case of
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MANALIN positively cures Constipation, Piles and Diarrhœa. Sold by all druggists. One dollar per bottle; six for $5.00. Directions in English and German.

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DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Sleeplessness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.
WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES
To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by
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POULTRY NOTES.

Do not forget the vegetable part of the bill of fare. Boiled potatoes in the morning feed are excellent and greatly relished. Chopped cabbage, onions, turnips or other vegetables, should be fed daily. Boiled pumpkins or squash, mixed with bran, make a very good feed. If you are near a brewery, get some grains mixed with ground feed, giving it to the fowls occasionally for variety.

The fowls are very fond of a warm morning feed, especially during the cold weather; and if red pepper, chopped onions or hot material of any kind be mixed occasionally with their feed, it will greatly assist in keeping them healthy and active. Do not feed cooked entirely, for it is liable to cause disease. Food simply steamed and fed warm is beneficial to fowls. A good feed of whole grain at night helps to keep the fowl warm while on the roost, and the soft feed in the morning will warm them up quickly.

If you want to have hens that will lay well all winter, withstand the cold and keep healthy, select those which are well feathered under the wings. Examine your birds that are suffering from cold or roup, and you will find the majority are naked under the wings. The dust bath will go far toward keeping you fowls in good condition. It is to them what water is to man. Throw in a bucketful of sifted coal ashes and see how they will revel in it. It will clean the feathers and help to kill the vermin. A handful of tobacco dust will help wonderfully.

Give the fowls plenty of sunshine and fresh air. Let the sun stream in upon them and open the house every day as early as possible. No matter if it is cold outside; sunshine and pure air are the best medicines. Fowls should never be frightened. The best way to make a hen unprofitable is to have her chased about by a dog. Be kind and gentle to them; it pays to keep them tame.

Fanciers keeping large breeds of fowls, such as Brahmas, Cochins and Plymouth Rocks, should set their hens this month, if they want their pullets to lay early next fall, since they require age before they will lay. By hatching them early plenty of time is allowed in which they can grow.

Be sure and see that your sitting hens are free from vermin before you set them. Many diseases spring from neglect to supply pure, fresh water every day, ans also from not cleaning all drinking vessels at least once a day.—Fowls should never be left without water. During the winter weather care should be taken not to place the drinking vessel where the snow will fall into it. Snow water, if taken in any quantity, will soon reduce the fowls in flesh, lessen their vitality, and throw them out of a healthy condition. The poultry house should be kept so clean that the slightes odor cannot be detected.—*Poultry Monthly.*

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

Don't kill the toads.

Hurry in the late seeds.

Wheel hoes are labor savers.

Plant melons in manured hills.

Washing berries is a failure; mulch them.

Dwarf apples may stand as close as seven feet.

Good picking and packing is half in fruit growing.

Six hundred bushels of onions have been raised to the acre.

Three ounces of carrot seed will sow a drill 100 feet long.

Fires kindled in the orchard at night will attract and kill many of the early moths, which if allowed to live will entail much trouble through the increase of their number.

A Remarkable Escape.

Mrs. Mary A. Dailey, of Tunkhannock, Pa., was afflicted for six years with asthma and bronchitis, during which time the best physicians could give no relief. Her life was despaired of, until in last October she procured a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, when immediate relief was felt, and by continuing its use for a short time she was completely cured, gaining in flesh 50 lbs in a few months.

Free trial bottles of this certain cure of all throat and lung diseases at E. James' Corner Drug Store. Large Bottles $1.00.

EVERY farmer should plant a crop for fodder. Grass will begin to fail in July and in August is usually scarce. A lot of fodder corn will then be found of great value to keep up the flow of milk; and if there is a succession of such crops the fodder will furnish acceptable provision for the cows until the end of the season. But it will not do to sow corn broadcast. The plants must have light and air to make a healthful growth, as the white, watery stuff which often grow has but little value as feed.

PEAR trees seldom need trimming after they go to bearing, except cutting out dead wood if there is any. The best condition for a pear orchard is to keep the land in sod and never plow it, but not allow the grass to grow within two or three feet of the trunks of the trees. Keep the circle mulched with manure, leaves or stones. Manure the land liberally once in three or four years.

EARLY lambs are considered by some sheepmen to be the most profitable source or income from the flocks.

General debility, female weakness, loss of physical power, Bright's disease, and nervous diseases are speedily cured by Hunt's Remedy.

THE four greatest and most desirable properties of a successful medicine are perfectly combined in McDonald's Blood Purifier or Sarsaparillian Alterative. In malassimilation of food and dyspepsia its effects are speedy and happy. For disfiguring humors of scrofula and tetter, the loathsome sores of venereal diseases, the burning tortures of erysipelas, no other medicine can possibly equal it. As a spring medicine, perfect blood purifier, efficient and safe diuretic and aperient, it meets with gratifying favor from the medical profession and the people. Dissatisfied buyers can have their money refunded. For sale by E. James.
JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
Philadelphia Agents.

A. CROWNOVER Saulsbury, Pa., writes: "J. A. McDonald, *Dear Sir:*—Your Liver Pills are giving good satisfaction here and there is quite a demand springing up for them. Please send me ——— boxes at once, as I am out and some of my customers won't have any other."
comment needless. Dissatisfied purchasers can have their money refunded. For sale by E. James.
JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
Philadelphia Agents.

ACKER'S Dyspepsia Tablets never fail.

The Dangers of Blood Poisoning.

Since the death of President Garfield, there seems to have been an increase in the number of recorded cases of blood poisoning.

A few weeks ago the Rev. Noah Schenck, D. D., of Brooklyn, had an operation performed on his foot, inflammation set in and death ensued. If a man be in good health, a wound heels rapidly; if the blood is corrupt, it is slow to heal. Impure blood irritates and inflames the whole system. It follows then, if the blood purifying organs are deranged—since every particle of blood courses through these organs over one hundred times an hour—in a very short time the blood poison must destroy all vitality.

In the winter season nature demands heat-making food; in the spring she sets up a cooling process; and, to accomplish this, she ordains that the change from winter to summer should be gradual: if her laws were never violated, this provision would be sufficient; they are violated, therefore, we must furnish help in this spring house-cleaning time; otherwise the seeds of disease remain within us.

Blood is made in the stomach: it is purified by the skin, lungs, liver and kidneys. During a long, cold winter, the liver and kidneys are overworked; the consequence is that in the spring these organs are prostrated; the prostration is indicated by extremely dull, heavy feelings and a weariness which seems to go to the bone; headaches, furred tongue, lack of appetite, itching and discolored skin, mental irritability, depression of spirits, neuralgic pains, convulsions, chills and fever, and "malaria."

These little irregularities of feeling are Nature's warnings: if neglected, disease may get the upper hand. If you introduce into the blood a little kidney and liver poison, you can artificially produce the above symptoms: it follows, therefore, that to remove them, vitality must be restored to those blood purifying organs. If they cannot perform their work no amount of medicine taken for other organs can have any permanent effect in the system.

Brigadier General D. H. Bruce, business manager of the Syracuse (N. Y.) *Journal*, in 1880, found that he was not coming through the spring in good form; he was not sick, but only out of condition; to the timely use of a few bottles of Warner's safe cure, however, he attributed recovery of constitutional tone, and undoubtedly warded off some chronic disorder. This preparation is not a cure-all—it claims to restore the blood-purifying organs to natural vitality; by so doing, it not only cures but prevents blood corruption and disease. If you doubt its power, ask your friends; millions have heard of it, hundreds of thousands have used it and commend it.

The ill-feelings of spring time are caused by a more or less poisoned condition of the blood: a condition which grow worse by neglect, and finally may send one to the grave.

One day a young physician discovered on his nose what turned out to be a malignant ulceration; the blood virus attacked his brain and killed him.

A prominent merchant of apparently average health died suddenly the other day; an examination showed that one kidney, entirely decayed, had poisoned the blood terribly: Had this condition been recognized in time, he might have lived to the full "three score and ten."

Every day we neglect to take such precautions as are herein indicated, we may be said to drive a nail into our coffin. The blood is poisoned every day; if it is not purified every day, untimely death is inevitable.

"Rough on Rats."
Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs

Heart Pains.
Palpitation, dropsical swellings, dizziness, indigestion, headache, sleeplessness cured by Wells' Health Renewer.

"Rough on Corns."
Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Buchu-Paiba."
Quick, complete cure, all kidney, bladder and urinary diseases, scalding, irritation, stone, gravel, catarrh of the bladder. $1, druggists.

Bed-Bugs, Flies.
Flies, roaches, ants, bed bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

Life in People.
"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence, sexual debility. $1.

"Rough on Pain."
Cures cholera, colic, cramps, diarrhœa, aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. 25c. Rough on Pain Plasters, 15c.

Mothers.
If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use Wells's Health Renewer. $1. Druggists.

Life Preserver.
If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

"Rough on Piles."
Cures piles or hemorrhoids, itching, protruding, bleeding, internal or other. Internal and external remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggists.

Pretty Women.
Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

"Rough on Itch."
"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

"Rough on Catarrh."
Corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic, also unequaled as gargle for diphtheria, sore throat, bad breath.

The Hope of the Nation.
Children, slow in development, puny, sickly and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

Catarrh of the Bladder.
Stinging, irritation, inflammation, all kidney and urinary complaints cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

"Water Bugs. Roaches."
"Rough on Rats" clears them out, also beetles, ants.

Wonderful Cures.

The press of the country is constantly filled with wonderful cures which have transpired through the agency of some medicine in their immediate neighborhood. Some of these have some foundation, but a great number have no better basis than the flighty imagination of the writer. The following case, however, is without precedent, and anyone to whom the privilege of writing to the subscriber and finding if he tells the truth. ERIE, PA.

DR. HARTMAN—I cannot but feel it my duty to express to you, before your departure from our city, my thanks for the great benefit I received from the use of your medicines, Peruna and Manalin. One bottle of each placed me square on my feet, after a sickness of four weeks, which confined me to my bed and then left me lame and crippled. Three days from the commencement of the use of your remedies, the cane was dispensed with, and in a week I was perfectly well. E. N. MYERS,
Business Agent *Evening Herald*, Erie.

For pamphlet on the "Ills of Life," address Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co., Columbus, Ohio, they will send it free of charge.

THERE never has been offered the people of Cambria county a medicine so deserving of praise and patronage as McDonald's celebrated Worm Powders. They combine the three most desirable points in any remedy viz; Smallness of dose, easiness to take and effectiveness. They are positively the greatest worm destroyer of the age. Many children suffer continually and finally die, their parents never dreaming that their stomachs are infested and eaten through with worms. Twenty-five cents invested in a box of McDonalds celebrated Worm Powders would have saved the little sufferer's life and given back its rosy cheeks and blooming health. Any case of failure because repulsion where worms exist, the money promptly refunded. Sold by E. James, Ebensburg.
JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
[5-9.-1y.*] Philadelphia Agents.

Druggists
as a rule are extremely jealous and careful of the honor of their profession, and are loth to praise a medicine which they do not from personal knowledge know to be a meritorious article. They all agree, however, that for smallness of dose, easiness to take, and effectiveness as a worm destroyer, McDonald's Celebrated Worm Powders are the best and most desirable vermifuge in their stock, and do not hesitate to recommend them.

Dissatisfied buyers can have their money refunded. For sale by E. James.
JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
Philadelphia Agents.

A Bottle
of Curtis' Carmelite Cordial should occupy the handy corner of every traveler's satchel. No prudent person will think of undertaking a journey involving changes of climate, diet and water, without first procuring a bottle. It never fails! It never disappoints! Money refunded in every case when a single bottle, as directed, fails to cure any case of cholera, dysentery, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, cramps, pains in the bowels, or any intestinal irritation. Sold by all dealers.
JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
Philadelphia Agents.

HUNDREDS WRITE they owe their life and present good health to Acker's English Remedy for consumption, coughs, colds, &c. Sold by E. James.

SIMPLE REMEDIES.

Prepared chalk, to be found always at druggists, is used as a remedy for acid stomach, and all unpleasant headaches and sickness to which it gives rise.—This is one form of dyspepsia, and is sometimes cured by the uso of this simple remedy.

Contrary to an old theory, a medical man gives the following on how to manage a cold: Eat nothing but a piece of toast at each meal, for one day, drink freely of cold water, walk twice a day till you are in a gentle perspiration and go to bed early.

A nice dietetic preparation for the sick can be made according to the *Druggists' Circular*, by taking of wheat bread one ounce; cinnamon, one dram; water, one pint. Boil them till well mixed, then add a little grated nutmeg and sugar. Wine or butter may be added, if liked.

Sleeping with the mouth closed will prevent that dryness and bitter taste so commonly experienced on awaking. These unpleasant sensations ordinarily come of sleeping with it open; the habit of keeping it closed may be formed by a careful clearing of the nasal passages on lying down, and by going to sleep with a determination to keep the lips closed.

Everybody has a cure for sore throat, but simple remedies appear to be most effetual. Salt and water is used by many as a gargle, but a little honey and alum dissolved in sage tea is better.—An application of cloths wrung out of hot water and applied to the neck, changing as often as they begin to cool, has the most potency for removing inflammation of anything we ever tried. It should be kept up for a number of hours; during the evening is usually the most convenient time for applying the remedy. In advanced stages of diphtheria, however, this will not answer. Frequent sips of ice water will usually relieve a sore throat.

"Windows open more, would keep doctors from the door." A very large quantity of fresh air is spoiled and rendered useless by the act of breathing. A man spoils not less than a gallon every minute. In eight hours' breathing a full-grown man spoils as much air as seventeen three-bushel sacks could hold. If he were shut up in a room seven feet broad, seven feet high and seven feet long, the doors and windows fitting so tightly that no air can pass through, he would die, poisoned by his breath, in a very few hours; in twenty-four hours he would have spoiled all the air contained in the room, and have converted it into poison. Let in the air so that a current will not pass over you while in bed.

Those who care for the sick know how difficult it is to remove or put on a wrapper. It seems as if the invalid needs to assume attitudes that would be almost impossible for one in robust health. A half hour's work with a needle and thread will suffice to change a pair of these garments and to make them more comfortable. Cut them open the entire length, then put a facing on one side and a plait on the other; at proper intervals put on some small porcelain buttons and make the button holes, and you will be surprised when this is accomplished that you never thought of doing so before.

Summer showers frequently overtake persons and "wet them to the skin"; it is then safer to walk rapidly and steadily on, until the clothes are dry again, than to stop under shelter and remain there until the storm is over. If home is reached while the clothing is yet wet, take some hot drink instantly, a pint or more; go to the kitchen fire, remove every garment, rub the whole body with a coarse cloth or towel, put on woolen underclothing, go to bed wrap up well, take another hot drink; then go to sleep if it is at night; if in the daytime, get up in an hour, dress and be active for the remainder of the day.

Keeping the head perfectly clean, says a writer in the Salem, Mass., *Gazette*, is a great aid to health. A distinguished physician, who has spent much of his time at quarantine, said that a person whose head was thoroughly washed every day rarely ever took contagious diseases, but when the hair was allowed to become matted and dirty it was hardly possible to escape infection. Many persons find speedy relief from nervous headache by washing the head thoroughly in weak soda water. We have known cases almost wholly cured in ten minutes by this simple remedy. A friend finds it the greatest relief in cases of "rose cold," the cold symptoms entirely leaving the eye after one thorough washing of the hair. The head should be thoroughly dried afterward, and drafts of air should be avoided for a little while.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains,